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No. 437

SINGING THE SUMMER SONG.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Swing the lily-bells!
Ring the lily-bells!
Chime them clear, with a fairy strain!
Blow every blossom horn,
Blow to the merry morn,
News that the summer has come again!
Brilliant-robed tulip,
As you the dew sip,
Send up a song from your bright throat,
Shy, loving violet,
With your blue eye wet,
Add to the anthem your soft, sweet note.
Fair, white roses,
Rare, bright roses,
Fling to the air all your incense sweet!
Crowned Queens of Beauty,
Love is but duty,
Summer and roses together we greet.
Gay, gold buttercups,
Brave, bold buttercups,
Stars in the greenwood, far and near,
Shine out merrily,
Brightly and cheerily,
Gay, gold buttercups, summer is here!
Sweet, fair daisies,
Sunny-haired daisies,
Nestling low in the grass at our feet,
Join in the chorus,
Swelling before us
Singing the summer song, glad and sweet!

Wild Will, THE MAD RANCHERO; OR, THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big
Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."
(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER IV. THE COMANCHE CAMP.

WHEN Bear Claw bounded through the post-oaks, with the unconscious Mary Halliday, he soon came to where his war-party had left their mustangs. Making his way through them, he halted by a powerfully-built horse, as black as midnight, pawing the sward impatiently. The horse gave a neigh of recognition as the Indian chief loosened the lariat, after laying Mary down at the foot of a tree. Springing into the saddle he urged the animal to where Mary lay, still unconscious, stooped down, and with an apparent effort, swung the senseless form up in front of him. The mustang snorted and pranced for a moment at the unaccustomed load, but was quieted by a few words from the Indian chief. Bear Claw sat a moment like a statue, his eagle-feathers mingling with the Spanish moss which hung from the limbs above him. He bent his head toward the scene of the massacre, and as there came a rush of many dark forms beneath the trees, the prolonged yelp of the black-wolf issued from his lips, which was answered by the howling of owls as his warriors sprung upon their mustangs, and urged them up around him.

Bear Claw gave a deep grunt of anger as he saw how his followers had been reduced by the deadly fire-arms of the Rangers.

"Do the white dogs with fast-shooting guns follow our trail?" demanded the chief, anxiously. "Do they know the Rose of the Medina rides in the arms of Bear Claw? Where are my braves? I see not many. Speak, Red Fox."

The Indian Bear Claw addressed rode close up to him, before replying.

"The white dogs weep over dead squaws—not stop long—bear mad—Eagle Eye Carson on trail soon—want squaw—no find Red Rose—know Bear Claw got him—the Red Rose—got with head blood—Red Fox has spoken."

"Did the Red Fox see the Eagle Eye Carson? Will the young white chief follow the trail of Bear Claw?"

"Red Fox see—Eagle Eye will come—fast-shooting guns," answered the warrior.

"Come, warriors of the Pecos," cried Bear Claw, authoritatively, "the white dogs will find a long, blind trail; the Eagle Eye's squaw will sweep the lodge of an Apache chief."

Bear Claw swung his quirt about the hams of his mustang, who, with a wild snort, bounded away through the darkness up the Medina river, followed by the remainder of his war-party, who urged their animals to their greatest speed.

On, they went, like flocks led loose from Hades, through the dark shadows of the oaks. On, on, hour after hour, until the break of day, when they dashed down the banks of the Medina, and into the cool waters, allowing their mustangs to drink; they themselves throwing the water with their hands up into their parched mouths, as only an Indian can.

Poor Mary was still unconscious, and it was evident the chief wished her to remain so, or he would have revived her with the refreshing waters of the stream.

They stopped but a moment, then scrambled up the steep bank to the other side, and galloped through the bottom timber out on the open prairie beyond.

Here, at a command from Bear Claw, a warrior sprung from his mustang, gathered some twigs and dry grass, struck a fire with flint and steel, and then with water from a gourd, so sprinkled it, that a column of white smoke arose, and all watched intently for an answer to this "prairie telegram."

They had not long to wait, for another column of smoke soon appeared, some three miles up the river, and the Indians again started in a fast lope toward the point from which the signal arose.

It took but a short time, at the headlong pace which they rode, to gain this point, and they were soon riding into the camp of another war-party of their tribe, consisting of some fifty braves, who looked in wonder and amazement at the small number of warriors which made up the party of Bear Claw.

The latter passed the still insensible form of Mary to one of the Indians, who placed her on the ground beneath a small shelter made of



On, on galloped the faithful Tonkaway, his eyes glancing suspiciously upon all sides.

Mexican blankets, after securing her wrists together by buckskin thongs.

A tall, finely-formed warrior, whose eagle-plumes and silver breastplate showed him to be a chief, stalked across the camp and approached Bear Claw, who stood where he had dismounted, awaiting a welcome. Each chief drew his scalping-knife and ran the blade into the ground at his feet, and each took the hand of the other, and placed the same upon his heart, as a token and sign of peace and brotherhood.

"Bear Claw is a great warrior," said the strange chief, "and is welcome to the fire and venison of Black Wolf. Where are the braves Bear Claw took toward the big water? Have the pale-face dogs sent them on the dark trail?"

"My braves are taking the big sleep," answered Bear Claw, "but they took many scalps. Eagle Eye Carson has many braves—shoot fast, their guns never empty—my warriors were making torture-fire—they fell like the leaves before the north wind; the bullets of the Rangers fly like the ice-hail among the Sioux."

"How many braves has the Eagle Eye?" asked Black Wolf. "Will he follow the trail of Bear Claw?"

"The smoke of the white dog's lodge blinded Bear Claw—he cannot tell—he will come—Bear Claw has stolen his squaw. Look!" said the chief, pointing to the wickety-up. "The Rose of the Medina—her spirit is in the land of dreams—she is as a fawn—Bear Claw will take her to his lodge beyond the big plain."

A look of surprise and admiration spread over the features of Black Wolf, as he gazed upon the form of Mary, who seemed, even in her unconscious state, to be aware of the savage scrutiny; she writhed, moaned, opened her pale lips and bloodshot eyes, looking up in terror at the painted demons before her.

The sight of them brought all the dread horrors of the night previous back to her mind; a long wail of anguish burst from her lips, and her face became of a more deathly hue, as she again lost consciousness.

Black Wolf turned to Bear Claw, and addressed him:

"Bear Claw's squaw fair as prairie flower—look much sick—she will die before she see big plain—got good scalp for Bear Claw's shield."

"The Rose of the Medina will not die," said Bear Claw; "she will bring word—she will cook venison for Bear Claw," and he stepped to the fire, took from the coals a large steak, shook the ashes from it, and carried it to his captive. Releasing her hands from behind, he tied them loosely in front, as she recovered her senses, so she could eat; he then placed the meat, together with some parched corn, upon a wooden platter, and set the same before Mary.

She gazed at him with a look of horror, and shrunk back into the further corner of the shelter.

"Why does the Rose fear the Comanche chief?" asked Bear Claw. "He will keep her path free of danger—the north wind shall not blow upon her—she will be the queen in the village—sorrow shall not come to her lodge—the sun shall always shine upon the flowers where she treads."

A mingled look of terror and great fear from Mary was his only answer.

Black Wolf stood with folded arms in front of the wickety-up, and it was plain to see that he took more than common interest in the captive maiden, but he wheeled about, and walked to the central portion of the camp, as if he feared his brother chief would discover his weakness.

The camp was situated in an opening of about an acre in extent, quite clear from trees or brush. When Black Wolf had reached the center of the encampment, he gave a signal which brought his braves from all quarters around him, and then he addressed them:

"Black Wolf is glad—his warriors have taken many scalps from the white-skinned mustangs—will make a wide trail. Black Wolf is sad—the scalps of Bear Claw's braves hang at the belts of the warriors of the Eagle Eye Carson. He a great chief—he will come for his

squaw—he come on trail of Bear Claw. Warriors, your eyes must be open—White Horse will take his braves, go where Bear Claw make watch for Eagle Eye Carson Rangers—Black Wolf will not move his camp—he not afraid—let them come."

Black Wolf waved his hand to White Horse, who, with a few quick motions, designated those that he wished to accompany him, and with five braves, armed with deadly Comanche bows, he disappeared from view amid the trees of the river bottom, going down the stream toward the ford.

White Horse and his braves had not proceeded far when a noble buck crossed their path, and following it they were led a long chase over the river; this caused a delay in their arrival at the ford that was favorable to those who were anxiously searching for the captive maiden.

CHAPTER V.

THE TONKAWAY'S MISSION.

Kit and his companions galloped steadily all the night without exchanging a dozen words; the Indian was in the lead; and Tom remarked, as they reached the ford about half an hour after the party of Bear Claw had crossed, that, "He'd bet his interest in the Mexican Republic that Kit had not held his tongue so long after since he was born."

They soon saw by the fresh trail down the bank to the ford that the Tonkaway had been correct in his surmises in regard to the route taken by the Comanches.

Stopping a moment to water their mustangs, holding their Sharp's rifles ready for instant use, they then rode up the opposite bank; here Raven turned his horse toward Kit, saying:

"Eagle Eye stop here with braves—Raven see where Comanche gone—what do—no gone long."

The Tonkaway waited for no word of instructions, but sprung from his horse, passed the bridle-rein to Kit, and went with long swinging strides over the trail of the war-party, and was lost to view in the bottom timber.

"Tell yer what it are, Joe," exclaimed Tom Clark, thoughtfully, "I reckon Kit are goin' mad; he's strange; ain't like he used ter was; and his not slinging his gab seems awful peculiar. Why, Bufiler Bill alwais introduced him as Professor Talker, of Talkerville!"

"Don't you bother him, Tom," warned Joe, earnestly; "he has that upon his mind which keeps him quiet; we'll have hard work keeping him from doing something rash."

"I'm afraid so. I kind a feel a choking myself when I think of poor Will at that grave in the post-oaks."

"I wish I could send word to Martha Wells in San Antonio," exclaimed Joe, "for God only knows how this trail will end."

"Boys," interrupted Kit, in a mournful tone of voice, "the reason you see me so silent is, that I'm thinking of Mary, and I feel confident Bear Claw has backers near. If we could only overtake him before he joins them!"

"You are about right, Kit," answered Tom, quickly. "I've bin thinkin' all the time 'bout same thing. Wait will Tonk comes in. He is now! He's a red what one can tie fast, every time."

In the regular Indian lope, Raven came up the trail, saying warningly as he got near:

"Come—much open here—sharp eyes on river—come, thick brush up river—Raven got heap talk for white warriors."

The Rangers followed the Indian into one of the thickets which bordered the river above the ford, and all dismounted, seating themselves on the sward, secure from observation, holding the lariats attached to their horses in their hands, their rifles resting across their knees.

The Tonkaway, with stoical indifference, lighted his pipe, and blew a whiff of smoke to each point of the compass, then passed the pipe to Kit, who sat next to him.

Impatient as the Rangers were they knew the Indian character too well to speak before the pipe had been passed around; and, even then,

they were forced to wait until Raven broke the silence, which he soon did in a low voice.

"Comanche trail go to open prairie; war-party stop there—light little fire—make smoke—mustangs no stamp round much—no stay long—get answer—another smoke—ride fast up river—heap big war-party up creek—Raven know where."

"That's just our luck," exclaimed Kit; "but, boys, if there's a thousand red-skinned cusses, I'll hang on their trail for a chance to save Mary from the infernal, bloodthirsty dends. You had better go back and look after Will, and then, joining our company, tell Captain Burleson that there's game up this way for him."

"It'll!" exclaimed Tom, "when I slip a trail on a pard yer can just set me down fur a Greaser. I hope I'm half white, and Joe is b'illin' over at ye; the idea of our lettin' yer play a lone hand! We'll stick!"

"You are right, Tom," added Joe, in a tone which showed that his feelings had been hurt by what Kit had said; "I never was known to desert a friend, and it's late in the day for me to begin that sort of a game, even if I had the desire. If I had been on the back-out it would have showed up before. Now, I'll tell you what I think. I have a plan in my mind that will put us all in a better fix for the hot work ahead."

"Go ahead! Give it to us," ordered Kit.

"Here it is, then, boys: Let Raven ride as fast as his nag can take him to San Antonio, and get Jack Hodge, Clowen, and as many of the boys as he can, who are spolling for a fight; they will come, you can bet high on that, and a half a dozen of us, armed as we are, will be able to make a rush into the camp of the reds, and get Mary before they know what we are after."

Raven can also leave word for Burleson, and some of the boys will carry the news to him about the raid; and when he knows about it he will come if fifty northers were blowing. Here, Raven, if you have to do is to give this silver star to Jack Hodge, and he's on the trail at once, you bet! He owes me a life, and he won't back, no matter what's ahead. And you go and see Martha Wells; you know where she lives, by the little church; tell her I'm off on a long trail, and am as happy as a hog in a mud-hole."

"Has yer got through, Joe?" demanded Tom, "for I reckon you and Kit has traded tongues by the way yer run on; but I likes yer talk. It just suits me. What yer think about this new lay out, Kit?"

"I think it is a good plan," answered Kit, "for with a few more boys we can make it hot for the Indians, no matter how many there are of them. But how do you know, Raven, where they are camped, and how many there are?"

"Turkey buzzards tell Raven where camp—fly over camp—wait injun go—then pick bones—know heap warrior or no camp near ranches—white braves stop here—Raven go see."

Before the Rangers could say a word, the Tonkaway had disappeared in the underbrush up the river.

"Waal," exclaimed Tom, in surprise, "I'll just be chewed into hash by an alligator if that red don't beat every deal; yer can't help from likin' the cuss fur he ain't afraid of nothin'! Now, ten to one, if I crawled up ter that Comanche camp I'd lose my scalp. Joe, I've got a bottle of p'ison whisk in my saddle-bags that'll kill as fur as yer can shoot."

And after nearly emptying it, he stood and looked at Kit a moment, in a thoughtful manner, before addressing him.

"Kit, yer don't take no stock in this here stuff, an' I won't insult yer by shovin' it at yer. I'm a tuff cuss, I know, when I c'it b'illin' over with run, but I ain't bad enuf to urge a man ter drink what don't. What yer doin', Joe?"

"Well, me noble duke, I'm penning a few rose-tinted lines of fairy language to the lady of me heart, for that noble red-man to take to San Antonio. He's not a carrier-dove, I know, but necessity gives me no choice."

"Good fur yer, Joe!" exclaimed Tom, approvingly; "Martha Wells is a noble gal, an' so's the red, too. Martha's got true Texas grit, an' I don't blame yer fur bein' soft on her. Tell her yer sittin' on a bank of roses an' writin' with a moonbeam. Kit, bet yer a slug; I can streak her through that Comanche camp on their lope, shoot half a dozen reds, and not git skin broke!"

"Don't, for mercy sake, talk that way," responded Kit, anxiously. "I'm sorry you drank that whisky."

"Bosh!" returned Tom, bluntly; "that whisk has nothin' ter do with it. I can't lay still long; I hanker fur sculps when they are so danged near, an' I'm spoilin' to twist my fingers in Comanche hair. I tell you what, boys, I'm a-goin' ter take a smoke ter pass time."

Tom lit his pipe and lay back on the bank to enjoy it, while Joe wrote his note to Martha, and Kit, with his hat pulled over his eyes, lay listening impatiently for some sound which would indicate the return of Raven.

It was an hour before the latter glided in among them, and showed, by his heavy breathing, that he had run fast and long. At last he broke the silence:

"Raven say right—big camp—many warriors—see Mary—she tie up in blanket wigwam—look much sick—cry heap—Raven heart beat hard for Eagle Eye squaw—two big chiefs in camp, Bear Claw, Black Wolf—Raven go quick San Antonio—must have more white warriors—ride fast—be there when dark comes—Eagle Eye stay here—no go Comanche camp—lose scalp—Raven come—then heap fight may-be-so—good by."

Raven at once sprung on his mustang. "Hold, Raven!" exclaimed Joe; "here, take this paper to Martha Wells; also find Jack and give him this star, sure."

Kit gave one spring, grasped the bridle-rein of the Indian's horse, his eyes wild, and said, in a hoarse, unnatural voice:

"Look, Raven! Don't you go back on me. Tell the boys it is life and death; that the best girl in the world is in the power of the Comanches, and if they don't come quick I'll charge the camp if I have to go it alone. Do charge the camp if I have to miss her, or torture her! Here! look me in the eye, and tell me the truth, Raven; spit it out white, plain and square. Come! speak!"

"Bear Claw no hurt Mary," answered the Tonkaway, as he looked without flinching into the eye of Kit; "keep her for squaw—take her on long trail—go to village on big plain—so he think—Raven think get her back—she again with Eagle Eye before moon small."

Raven whirled his quirt high over his head, and lashed the mustang, who sprung, with a wild snort, over the brush, and horse and rider were in a moment lost to view, as they dashed down the bank across the ford.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TONKAWAY'S GREAT RIDE.

THE Tonkaway, his head bent forward, his mustang urged on in a wild gallop by the terror of the situation, kept on the same trail down the bank of the Medina river that he passed over with Kit and the other Rangers the previous night.

He was within a mile of the scene of the massacre when loud shouts and oaths in the Spanish tongue reached his ears from the prairie to the south, beyond the bottom timber, beneath the shade of which he was riding.

Raven immediately turned his horse in that direction, and soon the border of the woods permitted him to gain a view through the branches of the prairie.

Here a sight met his gaze which made him wish Kit and the boys were with him.

A score of Mexican bandits were collecting the cattle and horses of Will Halliday, and the bravo they showed in approaching near to San Antonio satisfied Raven that they belonged to the band of that noted outlaw, Juan Cortina.

The Tonkaway was sure, at a glance, that in twenty-four hours' time all that remained of Will Halliday's property would be far away toward the Rio Grande.

He paused but an instant to take in the situation of things, knowing that he was powerless to prevent the wholesale robbery, and muttering to himself:

"Poor Will—much heap trouble," he once more bounded down the river toward the ruined ranch, where, after a few minutes of hard riding, he arrived.

Raven cast a hurried glance toward the grave; Will still sat in the same position, gazing down at his dead, and there was the same insane madness in his eyes that all Indians respect, as well as dread, and the Tonkaway gave Will a wide berth.

Raven slackened the speed of his mustang among the dead Comanches, and springing from the animal he secured a many-colored Mexican blanket, or serape, and a little further on, the hat of Will, which had been left behind by the Indians; the latter he adjusted upon his head, after removing his head-dress of eagle feathers, and the former he wrapped about him, saying to himself:

"Raven meet pale-face—think Raven Comanche—shoot Raven—have hat—have blanket—no shoot;—and thus changed in appearance, he once more galloped on down the river.

He was then twelve miles from San Antonio. On, on galloped the faithful Tonkaway through the live-oaks, his eyes glancing suspiciously upon all sides.

The sun sunk toward the west, leaving the timber in a twilight gloom.

Passing the Mexican haciendas, on the high bank of the river, just on the side of the Pleasanton trail, Raven went plunging down into the ford, allowing his mustang but a moment to take a swallow, which he greatly needed, well knowing he must not allow him to drink too much. He then urged his horse out of the cool stream and went speeding on through the mesquites, toward the Alamo City.

After a mile was passed over, and the mustang began to show signs of giving out, for he was covered with foam, and traveled at a staggering gait.

The sun had passed below the western hori-

zon, as the exhausted and broken-down horse fell to the earth, just upon the borders of the opening in which stood the old Mission of St. Concepcion.

Raven quickly unbuckled bridle and saddle, taking them into one of the old cells, used formerly by the priests, but now occupied by thousands of bats.

In another moment the Tonkaway was in the long strides peculiar to his people, fast making his way through the chaparral, and in less than an hour he arrived in the vicinity of Madam Condoleno's fandango-house, which was just one mile from the Main Plaza of San Antonio.

It had now been dark some time, and the Indian's sharp ears detected the sound of music long before he reached the celebrated dancing-house.

His thoughts were upon how he should find Jack Hodge and Clow, and, thinking of them and their character, he decided that the fandango ought not to be passed by.

As Raven closed up to the house, the noise inside became deafening; curses both in Spanish and English were intermingling, and these were soon followed by a volley of revolver-shots.

Yells of agony, fear, and death blended together strangely, with loud and exultant shouts of Texans; and then a score of Mexicans rushed out of the door, and scattered through the thick chaparral, with which the house was surrounded.

Half a dozen Texans sprang outside and sent several bulls whizzing into the brush after the Greasers.

Raven glided behind one corner of the building, and waited for the excitement to abate, muttering to himself:

"Raven heap more safe—he Tonkaway—throw hat—throw blanket—put on eagle-feather—Raven no Greaser dog—git shoot."

The Tonkaway once more stood in his own true character, and was made happy by recognizing the voices of Jack and Clow among the Texans, as they returned to the house, laughing over the retreat of the cowardly Greasers.

The Indian walked around the corner, and in an instant stood in the center of the dirt floor, his hands extended, palms outward, toward the Texans, his scalping-knife at his feet, the blade sticking in the earth.

Quickly as Raven had executed this maneuver, he was not so quick but several deadly tubes were leveled at him; but a warning cry from Jack Hodge caused them to drop.

Jack sprang toward the Indian, grasped both extended palms, and gave them a wring that showed his regard for the Tonkaway, had not welcome beamed from his round red face.

"Boys!" exclaimed Jack, earnestly, turning to the other Texans, "any man what harms this red has got me to clean out arterwards; he's white, no mistake! Clow! don't yer know ther Tonk? Yer gittr'n blind!"

The person addressed came toward the Indian, rubbing his eyes, saying, "Them dog-gone candles kinder blur a feller's peepers arter cummin' in from ther dark. Wal, I'll jist be chawed up an' spit out by a Colorado cat-fish if it ain't Raven!" In her name of Crockett, whar yer cum from, black-bird, and Clow gave the Indian a hearty shake of the hand.

The two persons who have now entered on the scene deserve more than a passing notice. Jack Hodge, so long known in Texas as a stage-driver, Indian and Mexican-fighter, and at one time a city marshal, was a native of a short, thick-set man, who always had a pleasant greeting for every one, and a happy and contented smile beamed continually on his face.

In whatever society he found himself he was sure to use more or less stage and stable slang; but he was quick on the trigger and a sure shot.

Clow was about the same build, although not so stout; and having been shot once almost straight in his upper works. He was a native of a short, thick-set man, who always had a pleasant greeting for every one, and a happy and contented smile beamed continually on his face.

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In whatever society he found himself he was sure to use more or less stage and stable slang; but he was quick on the trigger and a sure shot.

Raven drunk—maybe he 'fraid cayotee—fight himself—take own scalp."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jack, "that's ther best temperance lecture I've heard fur a month of Sundays. Yer head's level, Tonk, every time; yer got more sense than half the white men. Here we are at Sap's; Clow, yer run down ther widow Wells's with Raven, an' stick Joe's letter under ther door. If yer go in the wimmin will keep yer slinging tongue. I'll hev the hosses ready."

Clow and the Tonkaway glided down the dark street, turned to the right, and soon came to the cottage where Martha Wells, the sweetheart of Reckless Joe, lived.

No noise! He slipped the letter under the door, and upon getting back to the stable found Jack with two horses equipped for the road, and saddled another by a lariat for the Indian, unsaddled—for he was to get his saddle and bridle at the Mission, as they passed it.

Raven drew the rope, with a twist, around the under jaw of the animal, sprang upon his bare back, and all three, in an easy lope, rode through the almost deserted streets.

Jack stopped a moment at Jack Calle's bar-room, procured a bottle of whiskey, and to tell the bar-keeper the news in regard to the Mission, as they passed it.

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had seen in her mother's manner toward him at such times.

Now she did not see what could be the connection between his secret sorrow and her stare with Felix; but she felt that it was this, and not a selfish clinging to her exclusive love, that was the occasion of his distress. However, her quick perceptions showed her that it was better to leave Felix and his sister in the impression that his strange behavior sprang from even a vulgar jealousy, than to lead them to suspect that it had any unusual and mysterious source.

She found Felix frowning with impatience, and, while the almost to distraction, though she curbed her feelings bravely to any but a woman's penetrating scrutiny.

"Well, how did you find this dog in the manger, and where is he now?" asked Felix, half-jestingly, half in earnest.

His little lady-love went up to him, and put her finger reprovingly on his lips.

"He is in the river garden. Don't be impatient with him, you hard-hearted boy—he's not going to interfere with our happiness. But if he bade me not, do you think your selfishness would be less?" When you own everything to his magnanimity, how can you call him such wicked names?"

The power of her love for Felix was manifest in the lightness of tone she adopted. With the greatest joy of the consciousness of his love she was streaming through her soul, she could not be sad in his presence, though at the same time her heart bled for her brother.

"I'm mightily grateful to him, I'm sure," replied Felix. "But I stick to it—he's worse than a Turk. Even they do not, so far as I have heard, shut up their sisters so that no one can get a peep at them. But why didn't he come in with you? Is he going to mull over it all night, out there in the moonlight?"

She stopped his lips with hers, and, instead of answering him, went over to Sibyl, took both her hands, and gazed into her white, pleading face with an intelligence that read its secret.

"Will you go out to him, dear?" she asked. "Perhaps you can have influence with him, where I have failed."

She was hoping a great good to her sorrow-stricken brother, if these two could be brought together now.

"Oh! no! no!" cried Sibyl, shrinking back in dismay, while the rich blood streamed all over her face and neck.

"And why not, pray?" asked obtuse Felix. "That's just the thing. If I wasn't laid on the shelf, I'd exercise my prerogative of host, and go out and drag him in by the scruff of the neck, and have done with his nonsense. As the duties of both host and hostess now devolve upon you, what more appropriate than that you should beg him, of his good pleasure, to deign to honor us once more with his gracious company? Tati-ta! no woman's quibbles! The whole sex have bidden of objections when they don't want to do just what they ought to do."

"Go, dear," whispered Adele. "I think he wants you now, more perhaps than he ever will again. If you do not go to him. You don't know how he'll feel. He's all alone! Won't you go to him, my sister?"

Thus urged, Sibyl Cornish followed the promptings of her own heart as well, and two minutes later her step aroused Egbert from his painful meditations.

"What has hurried all breathlessly, not giving herself time to think; but now that she stood in his actual presence her embarrassment was overwhelming. What would he think of her?"

But now that she was come she must stand there confessing her secret by her silence and confusion. Raising her eyes timidly to his face, she said:

"Mr. Stanhope, will you not come in? We are all very anxious."

And then her leaden tongue refused to articulate another syllable, palsied by his fixed regard.

He had indeed stared at her in disconcerting fashion, as if he had seen the most external disguise, were reading her secret soul.

He saw her stop in helpless confusion, and cover her face with her hands. One step, and he clutched her wrists and tore her hands from before her face.

She looked up at him piteously, her gaze constrained by the intense magnetism of his.

He was terribly beautiful at this culminating point in his life, like some demi-god, who would lift her to the skies, or hurl her to the abyss, as he pleased.

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"Stay where you are, Adele. I think that I can take care of her," said Egbert, and without further words marched out of the room as he had come.

When the door closed, Adele turned to Felix, appealingly.

He laughed.

"Is it possible that you are surprised at any unusual proceeding on the part of that very original gentleman? Have you yet to learn that he is the ghost in Hamlet?"

"But Sibyl?"

"Oh, don't worry about her. I never heard of a young lady dying in a faint—did you? Trust her to come round as soon as is convenient for the parties most nearly interested."

Meanwhile, Egbert had borne Sibyl into a sitting-room and laid her on a sofa, while he exerted himself to reanimate her limp form. In the first moments of returning consciousness he wanted her all to himself.

And her first waking perception was of her lover, kneeling beside her with his arms about her, and whispering into her ear words that it gladdened her heart to hear.

Under the gentle ministrations all the soreness of Egbert's long-tried heart was allayed. For the time, at least, he was supremely happy.

By Felix's suggestion nothing had been said to his mother about his suit with Adele during Egbert's strange absence, and as it was late when Egbert and Sibyl reached an understanding, he further counseled that the whole matter be deferred until morning.

"If you tell her now, she will be in a pucker all night. Break the glad tidings at the breaking of dawn, and she'll have the whole day in which to regain her wonted equanimity."

Mrs. Cornish received the intelligence with so ill a grace that she began by reproaching Sibyl, and then, ignoring her hypochondria, bilious attack, or what not, had herself dressed and went down to Egbert's room with colors flying. But an hour's interview with her son put her through the roles of an outraged society queen, the mother of ungrateful children, etc., to be followed by hysteria, melancholy martyrdom, and lastly that state of dignified acquiescence which enabled her to receive Egbert's proposals for her daughter's hand and Adele's shy advances of affection with at least unruffled composure.

So the course of true love bade fair to prove the rule by exception, when the marplot entered upon the stage in the person of Long Jack.

CHAPTER XII

COUSIN DELLE.

BY D. CHANNING ROBE.

The cottage on the mountain-side
Stands where the glow of summer-tide
In golden brightness gently falls
Upon its weather-beaten walls.
Over the porch the creepers twine,
With ivy and sweet eglantine;
While fast to many a knotted string
The circling scarlet runners cling.
Sweet spot! how dear thou art to me!
I linger round thee lovingly.
Oh, that I could forever dwell
Here with black-eyed Cousin Delle!
Away she trips beneath the trees—
Her fair cheeks kissed by summer's breeze;
Then through the meadows green, where flows
The babbling brook, she merrily goes.
The sun-hat dangling at her back,
No longer hides the raven black
And glossy locks of wavy hair
That falls upon her forehead fair.
Now skipping 'long the woodland path,
Then sporting in the aftermath—
Oh, would that I one-half could tell
The wifery of Cousin Delle!
Behold her now in fragrant hood
Of flowers from the deep wildwood;
And woven into every tress
A red rose of the wilderness.
Through the fields where daisies grow
I watch the dark-eyed maiden go.
Surely, on me there is some spell
Cast by that fairy, Cousin Delle.
May evil, pain and sorrow be,
Through all thy life, unknown to thee;
May all with thee be smooth and well,
Sunny, dark-haired Cousin Delle.

The Rejected Heart:
OR,
THE RIVAL COUSINS.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

AN unaccountable feeling of depression weighed upon Walter's heart, which made the mirth and music of that gay assemblage jar harshly on his nerves, and he left very soon after John did.
He had gone but a few rods when he missed a bunch of keys that he always carried with him.
It contained not only his room and office key, but the one that unlocked a desk containing valuable papers.
He remembered hearing something drop from his pocket when he was in the old deserted house. He had looked, but the light being dim, had discovered nothing, and thought he was mistaken.
It must have been the missing keys.
There was no help for it; tired as he was, he would have to go back for them.
Fortunately his way home was past the road where this house stood, so it would not take him much out of the way.
With these thoughts, Walter turned down the rough and narrow road that led to the "old Stone place."
When near, though not within sight of it, he was startled by the report of a pistol.
Walter's horse was young and spirited, giving a snort of terror, it began to rear and plunge in a manner not a little dangerous in the steep and rocky place where he was.
After he had succeeded in calming him, he listened.
Not a sound broke the solemn stillness that reigned around.
Looking cautiously about him, he strained his eyes vainly to discover any movement in the road beyond.
Then, with a reassuring word to his horse, Walter went on.
The moon was partially obscured by a cloud, but the outlines of the house were plainly visible, amid the blackness that surrounded it.
As Walter looked he saw a figure emerge from the house and run down the walk to the road.
Whoever it was must have heard the sound of his horse's feet on the stony road, and which sounded very distinctly in the silence.
As it reached the road, it paused as if irresolute which way to go; then, suddenly turning, ran swiftly down the hill in an opposite direction.
Walter's horse now demanded all his time and attention.
As though it sensed some mysterious horror in the air, it began to back, plunging from side to side, not even the application of the whip could make it go forward.
At last Walter dismounted, and taking him by the bridle, tried to lead him up to the house, but he could not induce the animal to move one step in that direction. At every fresh effort he reared upon his hind legs, trembling in every limb, his flashing eyes and dilated nostrils showing the terror that had seized him.
Pitying what he could see no adequate cause for, Walter finally turned the horse round, securing him to a tree at the side of the road.
He then went into the house, the door of which stood wide open.
On entering the first room, he saw a dark pool of something oozing from beneath the door of the one opening out of the house.
On taking a step forward, his feet slipped, and in trying to save himself, both hands and feet came in contact with a warm, slimy liquid, and which had the sickening odor of fresh blood!
Springing to his feet, Walter turned to the window.
Horror of horrors!—his crimsoned hands were dripping with gore!
Struck dumb and motionless with terror, he stood for some moments trying to collect his scattered thoughts.
Some dark, sinister, horrible deed had been committed. Murder or suicide!—which?
Shaking off the benumbing horror that oppressed him, Walter pushed back the door of the adjoining room, which was ajar.
Upon the floor lay the body of a man.
Walter approached nearest.
At this moment the moon burst out from behind a cloud, revealing to his horror-struck vision the white, rigid face of John Remington!
Tearing open the vest, he placed his hand upon the heart.
Though the body was still warm, there was not the faintest motion there; he could have been dead only a short time, but dead he was!
What was to be done now? Go to the family of the murdered man with the terrible tidings? apprise the magistrates of the foul murder that had been committed in their midst?
This was what he ought to do. And yet—
Supposing his story was not believed? Supposing—
His heart grew sick as he thought of John's fatal quarrel with him, and the terrible position in which he might find himself.
The murderer, whoever he was, had fled, and might never be found. Unless he was, suspicion would surely fall on him.
Why should he tell of his discovery of the body? What good would it do? Would it not be better to leave the discovery of it to some one else, rather than put himself in such mortal peril?
Picking up the missing keys, which he found under the table, Walter left the house; his mind a confused medley of doubts, fears and conjectures.
He finally came to the conclusion that he would say nothing about it.
Fatal mistake!—and still more fatal consequence that sprang from it!
The gray dawn was breaking before Walter fell asleep, and then he slept very heavily.

The bright sunlight was streaming into the room when he woke, woke with that vague feeling of horror, which weighed like the remains of a nightmare upon his spirit.
He would have thought his strange experiences of the past night to have been some horrible dream, were it not for what he saw around him.
The cuffs of the linen duster, that was lying across a chair, were dabbled with blood, while spots were on various other parts of it. And when he went to draw on his boots, he found that the soles were crimsoned and the instep splashed with the same horrible stains.
With a sick feeling at his heart that no words can describe, Walter covered his face with his hands.
He shuddered as his thoughts reverted to the ghastly thing that was lying in that old, deserted house, the slightest eyes turned up to the bright sunshine.
Had they found it? If not, when would they? Oh! that he had had the courage to have told all! But now it was too late.
After doing the best he could to remove the telltale marks from his clothing, Walter went down to the deserted dining-room.
Eben, the waiter, was noted for his news-gathering proclivities, and his willingness to disclose the same to whoever would give him a hearing.
Walter saw, with a feeling of relief, that his face wore its usual inane expression, when nothing was going on, to use his own words, "worth mentioning."
Walter never encouraged his propensity to talk, not considering that he needed any. Now he said:
"Any news, Eben?"
"Nothing worth speaking of, sir," replied Eben, with a doleful shake of the head. "Dreadful dull times these. There hasn't been a murder, or an elopement, or even a marriage, of any account, for I don't know when."
Eben said this with an injured look and tone, as though he considered it in the light of a personal grievance, and which would have provoked a smile from Walter at any other time.
Now, all he thought was, that nothing had been discovered as yet.
Hastily swallowing a cup of coffee he ordered his horse.
He had partly promised Irene, the night before, that he would join an excursion up the river that had been the subject of much talk and anticipation for the last fortnight. Now he felt that he dared not risk the ordeal to which it would subject him.
As Walter stood by his horse, adjusting some portion of the harness, he saw Charlie Gray crossing the road toward him.
"Good-morning, doctor. So you are not going to our excursion? But, good heavens! how pale you are looking. Are you ill?"
For the first time, Walter was conscious how pale and haggard his face must look, and it did not tend to calm his uneasiness at Charlie's unexpected appearance.
"I am not feeling very well; I have had a good deal riding about to do of late."
Charlie stared at him for a moment, and then said:
"I'm looking for John. He promised to be on hand the first one this morning, and hasn't put in an appearance yet. I thought that perhaps he had come down to the hotel for something."
"I haven't seen him," said Walter, replying more to the look and tone than to the words. "He may be about the building somewhere."
Young Gray passed into the hotel, and Walter rode away, scarcely daring to allow himself to think until he found himself in the open country, with the town far behind him.
John had been missed. The next thing would be a search. And then—
How vividly did his imagination portray the wide-spread horror and consternation, the grief and anguish that would follow!

CHAPTER XV.
FOUND DEAD!
PARTLY to put as many miles as possible between him and the scene of that dark tragedy, and partly to drive away the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him, Walter visited some patients in a rough and mountainous district, several miles from town.
On his way back he stopped at a farmer's for a bowl of bread and milk. He had taken nothing since morning, and was too faint and weary to proceed further.
The farmer's wife bustled about, placing upon the table a brown loaf and brimming pitcher of milk, of which he partook more heartily than he had believed it possible.
As he sat there one of the farmer's sons drove into the yard.
By the parcels of groceries in his wagon it was evident that he had been to town, and Walter looked curiously at him as he entered.
"Here's the *Herald*, mother," he said, tossing a paper into the old lady's lap, who was knitting by the window.
"Anything stirring in town, Jake?" inquired Walter, as he rose from the table.
"They're makin' a sensation rumpus 'bout a young chap that's missin'," said Jake. "His mother is in hystericks, an' 'nigh about the hull town out lookin' fur him, I should say. There wouldn't be no such fuss if I should turn up missin', hey, mother?"
"Who is he?" inquired the old lady, whose placid face looked as if "hystericks" were something of which she had no personal experience.
"John Remington. You 'member him, dad?—that wild, harum-scarum fellow that we saw at the tavern down to the 'dormers.'"
"Yes, I remember him," responded the farmer, who was sitting in the doorway, mending a harness; "an' I don't remember much good of him, nuther. By all accounts, it won't be no great loss if he ain't never found."
Walter's heart had grown strangely tender toward his dead kinsman; his sad, untimely fate making even his faults sacred.
He turned quickly toward the speaker.
"No—no! sir; you should not say that! My cousin had his faults—as who of us have not?—but he was not bad. There are hearts that are bound up in him!"
The speaker's voice broke a little at the concluding words.
A kind heart beat under that coarse, fustian jacket.
"Scuse me, sir; I forgot he was a relation of yours."
"He is the son of my father's brother; and I shall be very sorry if any harm has befallen him," said Walter, gravely.
Then turning to Jake, who was making a vigorous onslaught upon the substantial lunch that his mother had set out for him:
"Had they succeeded in finding no trace of him?"
"They hadn't when I come away, 'bout two hours ago."
The old farmer looked at the pale, troubled face, which had grown so old within the last twenty-four hours.
"Mayhap the young chap hid himself away, just fur a lark. Don't you be none afeard but what they'll find him."
"He has not been found," thought Walter, as he rode on.
In spite of all the excitement, comments, and even suspicions it might arouse, he wished it over with.
He could not endure the thought of the body lying there another night; and the impulse was strong upon him to go to the nearest magistrate and tell him all he knew.
He had to go past Irene's.
As he came in sight of the house, he saw a crowd of people approaching it.
Four stalwart men walked in front, bearing a stretcher.
Well did Walter know what it was that was lying so still beneath that white covering!
Then, as he thought of Irene, and how cowardly it was to leave her alone at such a time, he urged his horse forward.
By the time he reached the gate, which was wide open, the crowd had passed through it,

and out of sight, and flinging himself from his horse, Walter followed.
The house stood back from the road, on an eminence, and as he reached the top, he saw Irene and several others standing on the steps, trying to prevent Mrs. Remington from going down to the crowd below.
As soon as Irene saw Walter, she ran down the steps, her face pale and her eyes dilated with horror.
"Oh! Walter, this is dreadful! dreadful! My poor aunt, it will kill her! Don't, oh! don't let her go down there!"
With pale face and disordered attire, Mrs. Remington stood upon the steps struggling against the detaining arms that were thrown around her.
"Let me go!" she shrieked. "John is hurt!—something has happened to my boy! I will know the meaning of this!"
And breaking away, she rushed down the steps, pushing through the crowd that surrounded the murdered man, just as Mr. Remington drew away the sheet that covered him.
For a moment she stared wildly at the white, rigid face.
Then she threw herself down beside it with a shriek that curdled the blood of all who heard it.
"Who has done this! Dead! dead! Oh! my boy! my boy! I cannot, cannot be!"
Here shriek after shriek came from the lips of the frenzied mother, until unconsciousness came mercifully to her relief.
Pressing through the horror-struck crowd, Walter raised the head of the fainting woman, until it rested against his knee.
The wretched father stood looking at the son he so idolized, like one benumbed and speechless by the magnitude of his woe.
He now sprang forward.
"Murderer!" he cried, hoarsely, seizing Walter firmly by the collar, "how dare you come here? Have you come to gloat upon your victim? to witness the agony of the hearts you have bereaved?"
"Friends and neighbors," added the speaker, turning round and stretching out his hand toward the hushed and wondering crowd. "I call God and you to witness that I denounce this man as the murderer of my poor boy!"
With her face almost as white as the dress over which her fair hair floated like a veil, Irene now approached, laying her hand on his arm.
"This terrible thing has turned your brain, uncle; you don't know what you are saying."
Mr. Remington turned his eyes upon his niece with a look that she never forgot.
"I know what I am saying, but too well, as you will find. And I know, too, that it was to win you he did it! But he shall not go unpunished. My poor boy shall be avenged! I will have vengeance, vengeance on his murderer!"
These were terrible words for a man to listen to, however innocent he might be.
Walter's face was very pale, but there was neither fear nor anger there. The strong pity that had taken possession of his soul lifted him above all fears for his personal safety.
"God pity and comfort you, sir," he said. "If those dumb lips could speak, they would tell you how innocent I am of bringing upon you this great calamity."
Walter turned away as he said this. Irene was just behind him, and he perceived as he saw the mute appeal in the tearful eyes that met his.
"It will be better for me to go now," he whispered. "I can do no good, but rather harm by staying. Dr. Pratt is here, and will do all that is necessary. In the meantime, if you have anything to communicate, write me."
As Walter passed through the crowd he could not be unmindful of the suspicious glances that followed him.
Harry Gray was standing near. As Walter met that searching, questioning look, there instantly flashed upon his mind the letter he had sent by him to John the night previous.
His heart almost stood still with terror as he thought of all that might be inferred by it.
Could there be anything, anything, unfortunate, that had happened in the circumstances that surrounded him?
CHAPTER XVI.
A WOMAN'S FAITH.
WITH all the help and assistance of woe that wealth gives, John Remington was laid away "in the house appointed for all the living."
The funeral was in church, and very largely attended; curiosity drawing many thither who had taken little or no interest in him while living.
The coffin, an elegant thing of rosewood and satin, was literally covered with floral offerings, and which filled the church with their fragrance.
Many curious eyes were directed to the pew set apart for the "mourners," and which was vacant until just before the services commenced.
There was a strong sensation as Irene came in, leaning upon the arm of her uncle.
She was in deep mourning, which heightened, by contrast, the pallor of her face.
The change that the last few days had wrought in the bereaved father touched with pity the heart of every beholder. His face looked as if it had been years instead of days; his head was bowed, and he regularly attended.
Mrs. Remington was not present; she was lying in a darkened chamber upon the bed from which she never arose again.
Contrary to the general expectation, Walter was there. He sat in his own pew, it being the church where he regularly attended.
Two ladies were in the pew when he entered, who immediately arose and took another seat.
Walter took no apparent notice of this; taking a seat in the further corner, so that the rest of it could be at the disposal of any one who wanted it.
After the services, opportunity was given to all who desired it, to pass up one aisle, past the altar, where the coffin lay, and down the other, so as to obtain a parting look of the deceased.
After the larger part of the crowd had surged past the altar, and the other part of his relatives up to where the coffin stood, looking sadly upon its occupant, unmindful of the curious eyes that were watching him.
Never, in all the glow of health and life, had John Remington looked so handsome as when he lay there, and the other part of his relatives, and serene expression, observed in all those who die suddenly from gun-shot wounds. Every trace of passion and excess had faded; the refining hand of death had spiritualized it, as nothing else could.
John was a favorite in the community. His frankness and generosity made him liked even by those who saw, with pain, the grave faults of his character.
When he lived there were fathers, thoughtful, clear-sighted men, who shook their heads at his wildness, saying, "that it might be well enough for John Remington, but if he was their boy—"
But now, all this was forgotten.
Struck down in their midst by a violent death, in the flush of his manhood, they remembered only the good, and the better part of his nature.
As is usually the case, their wrath and indignation against his murderer were in proportion to their grief and pity for his victim.
The dark cloud that was lowering above Walter's head, in whose shadow he walked, which over his head had turned soon here in all his fury.
On the evening of the day of the funeral, as he was reading an article in the local paper, commencing with the cheerful inquiry:
"Why is the murderer of John Remington still permitted to walk our streets?"—two men tapped at his door.
Perhaps Walter surmised their errand, for he looked from one to the other without speaking.
The elder of the two stepped forward and laid his hand on his shoulder.
"You are my prisoner: I arrest you, in the name of the State, for the murder of John Remington."
If the officers had anticipated any excitement, or resistance, they were disappointed.

Walter turned a little pale, but his countenance and bearing were as composed and steady as though it was simply a professional summons.
"Pray be seated; I will be ready in a few moments."
The officers remained standing by the door, while Walter made a few additions to his attire.
"Now I am ready."
"Please hold out your hands."
The young man's face flushed deeply.
That is not necessary. I give you my word of honor that I will not try to escape."
"I have no discretion in the matter," was the cold response.
Walter said no more, but as he felt the touch of the cold iron upon his wrist, overcome with shame and humiliation, his head sunk upon his breast, while a faint moan came from the lips.
"Pray, don't give way, sir," said the younger man, whose heart was touched with pity at the shame and anguish so plainly depicted upon the face of the prisoner. "We have a carriage down at the door, and with this cloak around you no one will notice it."
In spite of the precautions used, quite a crowd had gathered around the hotel steps, and a storm of hootings and hisses greeted Walter when he came out.
Pat Maloney sat upon the box. He was a fast friend of Walter's, and his warm Irish heart was up in arms at the demonstration.
"Ye ought to be ashamed of yourselves, so ye had, to be after condemning a man before he's tried, aven't I? No! I that'll believe it of him, at all at all! Sure! didn't he attend the old woman an' his sister's three children, an' niver a cint would he take. He's a jontleman, an' ye're a set of dirty blackguards! If it wasn't fur 'lavin' me hosses, I'd git down an' give ye something 'bout howlin' fur!"
And shaking his whip in the face of the nearest of the crowd, Pat drove away.
Walter heard the heavy clang of the door of his narrow cell close upon him with a feeling of desolation that no one can realize except those who have passed through a similar experience.
But after the first shock was passed, he experienced almost a feeling of relief that the worst had come, and that there was, now, no more necessity for concealment; he could tell all he knew in regard to what was almost as much a mystery to him as any one.
It was a terrible position to be placed in; no one could realize it more fully than he; still he could not bring himself to believe that he could be convicted of so grave an offense—hung for a crime that he never did.
"I know what I thought in connection with his trouble was Irene and the sorrow that it would bring upon her."
That she loved him he knew; the consciousness of her love had made him very happy; but would it stand the test of such a terrible ordeal as this? Would she believe him, or lose him, in the face of so many dark and suspicious circumstances?
Questioning his own heart, it responded yes; she would have the same faith in him that he would have in her, under like circumstances.
His heart whispered that she would come to him, or send him some cheering word.
But when hour after hour dragged its slow length along, and no tidings reached him, his courage began to fail.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 492.)

Choosing and Losing.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Now, see here, Kent," said Mr. Briant, pacing his office floor with unwonted vigor. "It was by my advice you invested, and I feel myself in a measure responsible for your loss. I'll tell you what to do. Marry my niece, Archina, and I'll give you a minor partnership here."
August Kent, who had just had a fortune swept away, looked blankly up.
"Marry Archina?" he repeated.
"Just the idea! She's a pretty girl, if she has some high-faloot notions. See here, time is money, and I'm occupied. Suppose you come to dinner to-morrow and settle the matter with her."
"But, my dear sir," protested Kent, "suppose she should object?"
"She won't. I'm the only relation she has in the world. She'll do as I say or there'll be more of it!"
And with this portentous threat Mr. Briant bowed his visitor out, and that same evening imparted his plans to the black-eyed, slender girl who had been reared "like the lilies" within his luxurious home.
Archina listened with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks.
"Uncle Justin," said she, "what do you expect me to think of a man who takes me because you bid him—simply as a stepping-stone to fortune?"
"I'm not aware that you have any great amount of fortune to bestow," remarked uncle Justin, curiously. "I'll never leave you any if you disappoint me in this."
Though she might indulge herself in angry tears after that, Archina knew the flat had gone forth against resistance was useless. Somehow the recollection of August Kent's handsome face comforted her a little.
"It would not be so hard to care for a man like that if he had only come of himself and before he was poor," thought she.
Dinner was served. The lights in the drawing-room were reflected from innumerable mirrors; there were pyramids of hot-house plants, gleaming statuary, cabinets of costly shells and painted self—everywhere evidences of the luxury which had always surrounded Archina, and without which she fancied it would be intolerable to live. And the alternative in the shape of Mr. Kent was making himself duly agreeable.
"Miss Briant," he petitioned, "will you show me the new picture your uncle has added to his collection? He has almost succeeded in arousing my enthusiasm in art affairs."
"Mr. Kent," retorted Archina, with the sweep of her silken skirts at his side as she led the way, "speak the truth. You don't care a fig for the picture and I know it."
"Then may I tell you what I care for you?" asked August, plunging boldly into the subject uppermost in his thoughts. "I am aware that coming to you in this way and at this time I cannot plead my cause with any grace, but I do ask you to believe that my admiration is sincere, that my future devotion shall be earnest and entire, if you can accept me as a lover."
"Very well, in that case we may consider the matter settled," responded Archina, with admirable promptness. "But I wish you to acknowledge that I could never tolerate meanness, or treachery or deceit."
"Why do you say that to me, Miss Briant?"
"Because I have heard the rumor which connects your name with that of Mrs. Durand's husband. He has almost succeeded in arousing my enthusiasm in art affairs."
"I don't ask you how far your liking for her has gone. It is enough if you choose to give her up and enter into a compact of marriage with me; but if you cannot conscientiously and freely do this, be honest enough to tell me so now."
Mr. Kent smiled back into her earnest eyes.
"There are no broken pledges on my part," he declared, "and nothing deep enough in my interest for little Miss Lawrence to draw me for a single instant from the true allegiance I vow to you."
But it would appear that Mr. Kent was quite capable of putting two constructions upon his own words, since his early stroll through the park next morning had a meeting with this same little Miss Lawrence as its only incentive.
She sat on one of the rustic benches, quite unmindful of the dew which clung to her skirts and was showered down from the rustling branches overhead—a pretty, innocent young

girl, with a sweet, babyish mouth, wistful blue eyes, and bright brown hair waving over the white forehead, whose face lighted as she saw August, but held the traces of grief or trouble in its soft lines still.
"And now, what is it?" he asked, when he had taken the seat by her side. "Has Mrs. Durand been bringing the house down about your ears again? I can't conceive your being related even by a distant tie to that coarse, vulgar woman."
The curved red lips quivered. Little May Lawrence was conscious that she worked like a bond-slave for the privilege of being related as Mrs. Durand's dependent relation, but a deeper grievance was swelling her heart.
"It's worse than anything before, August—she is jealous. You know how they quarrel, and Mr. Durand does pay me attention, but it is only because he sees it annoys her. She would send me off only he forbade her, and I am—I'm miserable!"
"And I am further than ever from being able to save you from that sort of life," muttered August, gloomily. "Look here, May; old Van Nor would propose in a minute if I thought it was the least bit of use, and I'll put him up to it if you'll cut me and take him. It won't be half as bad as that snarling cat-and-dog business at the Durands."
A white, scared look flitted across the girl's face.
"August, is it true that you want to be rid of me?"
"Who has been telling you any such nonsense, May?"
"Cousin Annette. She says that I have encouraged you, and she has no doubt but you despise me for being such an ignorant little fool, but oh! how could I help it?"
"You couldn't," declared August, decisively. "I am only advising you to cut me off and take up Van Nor for your own good, because you are fretting yourself to death where you are, and I haven't the hardihood to ask you to starve to death with me as a choice of methods. I believe if I were half a man I would take myself out of your way altogether. I am a selfish fellow at best, and you would get over it and be better off."
"I would die. I would run away and drown myself if it wasn't for you—if I didn't believe in you."
Mr. Kent's lips were suddenly compressed. A light as assured and tender as he had cast into the black eyes of Archina Briant on the previous night now beamed into these swimming blue ones.
"My true, little darling; you shall have reason to believe in me. Let what will come of it, I am going to take you, dear, now, if you have faith enough to trust yourself to me."
Archina Briant and her bosom friend, Zoe Percy, were passing one of the up-town church edifices which was open for repairs when the latter came to a sudden stand-still.
"Let's go in and see the new painted window," said she. "The design is by 'somebody,' and it's half as lovely as he is we'll be rewarded for our trouble."
"Don't be irreverent, Zoe!"
"Fshaw, don't you be a hair-splitter, Archina. You'd rave over Veraney, too, if you weren't engaged already."
A dim light was diffused through the body of the church, and one or two other sight-seers wandered with aimless movements, scarcely distinguishable from the ghostly pillars in the dim aisles. Archina was made aware of the proximity of two unsuspecting persons who had stopped in the nave.
"May," said a voice, to which she involuntarily listened, the voice of Mr. Kent. "I may as well tell you that there is no priest on hand and will be none. I deceived you when I pretended to bring you here for the purpose of marrying you. Lord knows I'd do it if I could, but it's out of the question, and there's the end of it. I love you, and it is as much for your sake as mine that I am going to sacrifice myself to Miss Briant in a few weeks more. My darling, listen!"
But May Lawrence shrunk before his pleading as she would have done from a blow.
"Let me go," she cried, in a suffocating voice; but August held fast the little hand which had turned like ice within his own.
"It is too late to go, May. Mrs. Durand has your note before this time, and you can never return there. No harm shall come to you, poor little frightened bird. I couldn't endure to see you so unhappy, and I planned this to take you out of that wretched woman's power. When I am once married, you shall have a place as companion to my wife, and I will be your firm friend and protector meanwhile. Say that you forgive me and will let me provide for you, May!"
"Perhaps you will hear my opinion first, Mr. Kent."
Had a sheeted ghost arisen before him, he could scarcely have been more startled than by the apparition of Archina Briant, perfectly cool and collected, standing before him.
"You seem to forget the justice due your future life in making your pleasant arrangements, and in that character I should certainly object to harboring one so favored in your affections as Miss Lawrence. You had better reconsider your choice between us, and when the future Mrs. Kent; I relinquish my claim in her right with all the pleasure that a true knowledge of your character incites."
Kent threw back his head with a defiant gesture, and flung out his hand to detain her as she was turning away.
"Miss Briant," he said, "I have chosen you. You cannot shake me off so readily as you appear to think. I yield to your decision in this, but I hold you to your promise still."
With that he turned and walked away, quite unmindful of poor May.
The one bright hope which had sustained her had been stricken from her life, but she was not left friendless and alone in her utter despair. When Mr. Briant went home from his business that evening he found his niece and another young lady awaiting him.
"Miss Lawrence, uncle Justin. Since you are such a monomaniac on the subject of restitution I have brought her case to you."
"Oh! said uncle Justin, looking in puzzled wonder at the pale and shrinking girl.
"You felt bound to make good the fortune August Kent lost in his own speculations by giving me to him. You will be as willing to provide Miss Lawrence with another husband, I suppose, as I am the unfortunate means of taking him from her. She had a previous claim, appears, and she has lost her situation because he inveigled her into a church on a promise to marry her, and then refused. I was a witness to the whole transaction."
"The scoundrel!" spluttered Mr. Briant, who, though stiff-necked and dictatorial, held to certain old-fashioned principles of honor. "Did you break your engagement and send him about his business, Archina? Did you tell him never to put his nose in this house again?"
"Well, no, uncle Justin," answered Archina, demurely. "He wouldn't break it, and I couldn't without perilling my chances with you. I don't fancy applying for the vacant position with Mrs. Durand."
But it ended all the same in Mr. Kent's abrupt dismissal, and the finding for time May Lawrence of another, and let us trust, a better place.

In the old days in Scotland there often was a familiarity manifested between the pulpit and the congregation which is well illustrated in the following anecdote: A young man, who was opposite to the clergyman, in the front of the gallery, had been up late on the previous night, and had stuffed the pack of cards with which he had been occupied into his coat-pocket. Forgetting the circumstance, he pulled out his handkerchief, and the cards came flying about the church. The minister looked at him and remarked: "Eh, man, your psalm bulk has been ill bund."



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OFF FOR EUROPE.—The Brooklyn Eagle, of July 28th, has this item:

"Among the passengers by the City of Chester, Inman Line Steamship Company, to-morrow, will be Mr. William Adams, of the firm of Beadle & Adams, publishers. During his tour in Continental Europe he purposes visiting some portions of Germany, Italy and Switzerland, devoting also a part of his time to the Paris Exposition, returning to this city about the middle of September."

Mr. Adams, by long devotion to business, has well earned this holiday. May he enjoy it immensely! and return with new vigor, to prosecute the good fall campaign!

Sunshine Papers.

Of Something Not New.

No, indeed! Of a trite old subject enough! But even in the days of Solomon, that wise gentleman declared there was "nothing new under the sun." Surely, since one can never hope to write upon a theme that has not suggested itself to other minds, it is pardonable if, occasionally, one claims the right to give their particular thoughts upon a very old subject. So I will preach with one of Ben Jonson's sayings for a text.

That writer says: "True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice."

We all desire to have friends; and most people like to have many, and swell their lists by speaking of more acquaintances, in fact, of every one they know, or ever have known, as "my friend." But did it never occur to you, who claim, in the above mentioned manner, a score of friends, that there is a great difference between acquaintanceship and friendship?

You are endeavoring to find comfort through the sultry dog-days at some country resort; and you sit in the parlor, of a morning, puzzling your brain over how you shall spend the day—where you shall go for a tramp; you glance up at the wall, to a suggestive engraving. It is a beautiful landscape; a solitary bit of wood, through which runs a cool, clear stream, whose ripples you can almost imagine you hear; but you may gaze upon it all the day and you will not be refreshed. Presently you arouse yourself to wander where, in reality, such a scene exists, and seat yourself upon the bank of such a stream, beneath the shade of

such trees, and quench your thirst and bathe your brow, with the cool, rippling waters,—with what result? Why, the memory of that morning in the woodland, and of the cool depths and delicious freshness of the little mountain stream, will remain with you through life, while its pictured counterpart may never recur to your mind, again. You derived substantial, comforting joy from the actual scene; it gave you what you longed for—hours of refreshing, inspiring pleasure; the engraving—an acquaintance—at its best but an unsatisfactory representation, and substitute for a friend—pleased your eyes, only, and was soon forgotten.

There are many men and women, to-day, utterly destitute of friends because in early life they sought many, rather than a few worthy ones, well chosen. It is in youth that we choose most of our friends; and if in old age they are dead to us, it is because we did not choose wisely.

Many young ladies select their male friends from among those of their associates who spend their money freely, dress nicely, talk loudly, and try to make a splurge in life; men who waltz lovingly, but cannot say ten words of sense in a whole evening's conversation. And young men too often choose for their female friends the beautiful, giddy, fickle, thoughtless, fashionable girls, who can dance all night, as well as talk all night—and not say anything; while the thoughtful, industrious, earnest men and the plain, noble, intellectual girls, are passed by. And yet these latter are the characters who can form such friendship as would bless and brighten any life.

Though beauty is not an obstacle to friendship, it should never be a sole cause for it. "Tis the stainless soul within, that outshines the purest skin." Some of the best, the most brilliant, the most famous men who have ever lived have been by no means handsome men; and not a few of earth's noblest women—women who have made the greatest life-sacrifices, have performed the grandest deeds, and have done the most good in the world, are those who have been unattractive, and homely, almost to ugliness.

I know some people—and probably you can recall some such—who lack friends, not because they are unable to make them, but because they do not know how to use them. They go upon the theory that "A friend in need, is a friend indeed." That is very true if you are not "in need" all the time! The strongest staff will break if you lean too heavily or constantly upon it. A gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, moved to a country village, where he was a comparative stranger. After a little time an apparently strong friendship sprang up between him and a neighbor, who owned a horse and carriage, and a sailboat. They were remarkably intimate. The new-comer used his new friend's horse and carriage freely, went sailing and fishing with him, took dinner repeatedly at his house, and could not praise him enough to all mutual associates. After a year and a half my acquaintance returned to the city, and to-day sees and thinks no more of the man who was so kind to him than if he had never met; while I leave it to my readers' vivid imaginations to conclude in what estimate the country gentleman must hold the person who was so soon forgetful of all the favors he had received. If, upon returning to the city, the gentleman had reciprocated the kindnesses received from his country friend, each would still have valued and cherished the other; but being situated where he did not need, or could not use him, he laid him away like an old garment, and has, doubtless, found some one else upon whose friendship he is presuming. There is about as much sincerity in such friendship as there is religion in the lives of those men who use the church as a means of advancement in business or politics.

Never value friends for what they possess, but for what they are. Beauty, wealth, social position, are unreliable possessions. To-day we have them, and to-morrow they may be gone. But self-respect, amiability, affection, and sincerity—a true, noble character—are abiding, and those who possess these will never lack friends. A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SUPPOSING.

LET us have a game of "supposing." Never heard of such a thing? Well, that is somewhat singular. I don't know as it is, though, considering I've just invented it. How is it played? I don't exactly know, myself. The fact is I am going to "make it up as I go along"—in the same way fond parents do with stories they tell to amuse the little ones.

Supposing you went to call on some one, and that individual should depart and leave you to take care of yourself during your call, do you suppose that person possessed good manners, and do you suppose you would ever be forgiven if you felt mad and flared up and thought that you were treated in a very uncivil manner? And what do you suppose it is best to do with such individuals?

Supposing, while you were reading by the table, some one should remove the lamp with never an excuse or "by your leave," and leave you in total darkness—do you suppose ten cents would be quite wasted if you were to purchase a copy of BEADLE'S DIMM ETIQUETTE and send it to the offending party?

Do you suppose a person has an easier conscience because he shirks his work when his pay is small and hurries through it as if it were of no consequence, and do you suppose that any person ought to grind another down to "starvation prices" when that other's work is well worth what he asks for it and his employer is well able to pay? supposing either of these cases was yours, what would you do about it?

Supposing you had but a few dollars to-day and desired a ride, of a few miles, in a vehicle, and you paid what was merely just and no more than the accommodation was worth; supposing that, to-morrow, your store of money should increase tenfold and you desired to go the same distance, in the same conveyance, do you suppose the owner would have the moral right to charge three times the price because you happened to possess a little more of the "needful," and do you suppose, because one has money, he must be cupped, and bled, and leached of all he has, or else be called stingy because he does not give his entire wealth away to every one who asks for it?

Do you suppose it would be right, if your profession were authorship, when you had callers if you were to refrain from entertaining them and kept on with your writing? But, suppose you did give up your time, wouldn't you think it somewhat singular if the remark reached your ears that you were not very industrious, just because you were not so impolite as to write when you had company? And do you suppose it is right for some people who have nothing to do to occupy the precious moments and hours of those that have?

Supposing people were not so fickle in their friendship, less prone to change old friends for new, don't you think there would be more sincere and lasting affection in this world? Oh, there are some people so fond of a new face that they cannot do too much for its owner, and who believe they "never did, never will, or can, see another they admired so much." They never could tire of this new-found friend; not they! But, they do tire of him or her, and their love grows cold quite as suddenly as it grew warm. Supposing the love hadn't been of so "gushing" a nature, in the first place, don't you believe it would have been more lasting?

Supposing a man is unfortunate in business; is that any reason why he should fly to drink? Does the liquor make him any better or his prospects any brighter? Do you suppose he can make good his losses by using stimulants? Suppose he does bury his feelings, doesn't he bury his manhood at the same time? Fly to drink, indeed! he had better fly to work, striving to win back what he has lost, and not waste the little he has left.

Supposing you and I are planning to go on a pleasure excursion, and the rain pours down in such abundance as to mar our anticipated pleasure, shouldn't we complain of the weather? We might do so although we shouldn't, for were we to put to ourselves the solemn question: "Who makes the weather?" I think the "still small voice" that gives the answer would tell us of our wrong-doing.

Supposing a body is saying at my elbow—"Come, Eve, throw away your paper and wipe your pen, and prate not of things thou dost not understand, but come and take a ride," do you suppose you'd be very much offended if I concluded my "supposings" thus abruptly? EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Heavy Tax List.

THE assessor has sent me a tax duplicate to fill out.

I am against all taxes. I think we would all be better off without them, even if our country would not be. I am against taxation without representation, since I represent but little, and am in favor of representation without taxation.

It is the stamp-tax renewed, as the tax makes everybody stamp, whether they have got the stamps or not.

I have frequently tried to dodge the assessor, but he has always happened to assess the dodger.

I wish this United States Government could get along without having to call on me every year regularly to help it out of debt. I am getting tired of it. It has always been a great drain on my wealth.

This is the last duplicate I shall ever make out, and I warn the United States not to trespass on my premises again in the form of a one-eyed collector. Here is my inventory:

CROPS AND OTHER STATISTICS:

AMOUNT OF LAND OWNED—One mud-puddle, two swamps and a frog-pond in Blenkins county.

RYE—One small bottle for medicinal use only.

CORN—three of them.

POTATOES—One half-peck in a basket in cellar, very small.

TOBACCO—five cents' worth in small box.

BUTTER—pound and a half a little past the prime of its life.

BEES—none, but have had plenty of hives lately, owing to the hot weather.

HONEY—137 pounds of it; that is just what I weigh, and that is what my wife calls me—when there is a new dress on the horizon.

HOUSES—One clothes-horse, crippled; one rocking-horse, spavined, and one saw-horse, not much used, would like to see it broken.

BONDS—matrimonial bonds exceedingly secure, ten-thirties, two-forties and rising like all sixty.

MISCELLANEOUS:

MONEY—One strong box filled to depletion; one other box iron-bound, stuffed empty; one pocket-book, bulged—in; one stone vault full of old tin cans; one shed full of rhinos of pork, etc.; one vest pocket containing two pants buttons (412½ grains fine) and small change to the amount of three shirt-buttons—besides one copper hole with a cent in it, legal tender to the amount of ten dollars, and one lead nickel available with the washwoman who can't detect a missing button.

NOTES BEARING INTEREST—numerous, and able to bear it for a long period. My notes are so valuable that people keep them steadily. Those notes are good for their cheek, I mean, for their face. Those four thousand and twenty notes represent \$25,000 worth of wealth I haven't seen.

INCOME—almost as large as the outcome, and both are increasing in proportion. My income amounts positively to the sum of blank dollars, and I am willing to swear to it, loud.

VALUE OF ALL CREDITS AFTER DEDUCTING DEBTS—this question should be value of all debts after deducting the credits; there would be some figures for showing, then.

PLEASURE VEHICLES—One wheel-barrow, single-wheeled, but a nobby turn-out; you ought to see me handle it on the road; one hand-cart, very handy. Amount a subject of investigation.

GOLD PLATE—One, with set of teeth adorned, used at every meal.

CHINA WARE—One broken set and one tea box.

SILVER WATCHES—One, valued at twenty dollars a year by the silversmith, and he is the one who should pay the tax on it.

PIANOFORTES—not one, and it is worth five hundred dollars a year. Pianos are not my forte; when I want any amount of unbotched confusion I can easily go down to the boiler factory and crawl into a boiler while fourteen workmen play on the outside with hammers.

PAINTINGS—One table with plates painted on it, valued at five hundred dollars a year, as they do never get knocked off and broken, and they do not require washing three times a day.

VALUE OF LOTS—One lot of children valued at \$25,000 a foot, or a head; one mortal lot, worth beyond the reach of figures. But don't tax that.

HOUSES—One cottage by the sea; one castle in Spain; one bust of Palace; all exempt.

VALUE OF ALL GOODS ON HAND APRIL FIRST—pair of buck-skin gloves, once valued at one dollar.

DEPOSITS IN BANK SUBJECT TO DRAFT—none; had some but they were subject to too much draught and blew away—as did the bank. I saw my hard earnings go with many yearnings, but the honest president compromised with his creditors at 65 cents on the dollar and promised a similar payment in six months.

BOATS—several ships at sea this season; a large interest in several barks at night; both exempt.

SAWMILLS—\$2.50 invested in one sawmill, consisting of wood saw and buck; very small horse-power.

MANUFACTURES—keyhole factory; make portable keyholes for convenience in carrying at night when you go home; very valuable, beyond estimate.

It seems to me that I will be taxed like a taxidermist this year.

Sworn to and subscribed to by
WASHBURN WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—A reduction has been made by landlords in Paris—two wood toothpicks are now sold for three francs, and the price of board is now only advanced on new-comers once in twenty-four hours.

—A new industry is said to be extending in Paris. It consists in the manufacture of a cloth, much lighter and warmer than wool, from the feathers of domestic and other birds. The material is waterproof and takes dye readily.

—The total amount of opium imported into the United States for 1877 was 2,580,924,883 grains. Deducting one-fifth for medical uses, there remain for opium-eaters 6,125,883 grains daily. If thirty grains are taken as a daily dose, that is, "Prout's work," Prout's right you have to ask such a service of a stranger?

—A Black Hills miner recently found the skeleton of a horse, with the skeleton of a man within it, a terrible reminder of last winter's fearful snow storms. Lost on the plains, the man had killed his horse, cut him open, and the horse, unable, thinking to escape perishing of cold, but the animals' flesh froze solid, confining the man in a tomb from which there was no escape.

—The News of Indianapolis is authority for the statement that a baby died in that city a few years ago which only weighed half a pound when it was born, and could be put into one of the sleeves of the dresses made for it. It lived two years, and at its death it only weighed one pound and a quarter. It was always a cheerful companion, but people couldn't help making light of it.

—A Chicago justice who had six drunken women before him recently, fined them \$20 apiece for drinking them to work it out by giving the station-house a thorough cleaning. He says he is going to adopt this plan regularly in future. The result will be that the station-houses will be kept clean or that drunkenness among women in Chicago will cease, for the women mentioned above pleaded piteously with his honor to give them ten days in the House of Correction instead of the house-cleaning job.

—London, England, has a most delightful atmosphere. There is nothing flimsy or gauzy about the air of London. In the language of slang, it is not "too thin." There is something about it, something you can see, feel, and realize; not the transparent stuff we have in New York. It must be seen and felt to be appreciated. It has such a reality, such a substance, in fact, that if it surrounded Chicago it would undoubtedly be heavily mortgaged. London's atmosphere owes its consistency to the fumes arising from the many coal-fires of the city. In a paper read before the Society of Arts it was estimated that the coal annually consumed in London is over 8,000,000 tons, and that the amount of sulphur to 80,000 tons, or as oil of vitriol to 245,000 tons. This is more than five times the amount given off from all the sulphuric acid works in the country.

—The little incident of Bismarck's dog trying the other day, to throttle Prince Gortschakoff, recalls, in the German papers, one of Bismarck's college pranks. When he was a student and a country squire he never went out for a walk without having a couple of hounds at his heels. At Göttingen, where he led a wild, reckless life, he was summoned before the dean for entertaining some boisterous friends with whom he had traded the rights of the Hartz. With characteristic assurance he put on dressing-gown and riding boots and started the venerable official by rushing into the room with a large bloodhound at his heels. The interview was a short one, and Bismarck and his dog went back to their quarters. Four young students of the corps of Hanoverian engineers, who were sitting in the hall, laughed. Bismarck remonstrated, high words followed and each of the four challenged him to a duel. The chancellor's favorite dog for many years was Sultan, a Danish mastiff, who invariably accompanied him when he walked or rode at Vaux.

—A curious duel has just been decided at Nuremberg. A law student, during his compulsory year's service in the army, deemed himself insulted by the treatment he received from a lieutenant. On concluding his term a duel was fought and the lieutenant was killed. The questions before the jury were whether a duel had been fought, whether it had had a fatal result, and was the accused guilty of that result? The jury gave a verdict of not guilty on all three charges. The German papers are puzzled to account for this repetition of the decision in the Vera Sassulitch case. Some say the reason of the verdict was pity for a promising young man whom the jury did not hold responsible for acts which custom demands and the law sanctions; others think it was an instance of the dislike in which Prussian officers are held; and, lastly, it is believed that the jury found itself confronted with the difficulty that if the officer had been in the student's place the case would have been one in which the law, after punishing him to fight, punished him according to its result.

—Appropos to Germany's present attitude of arbiter in the affairs of Europe is an interesting account of the German army which has lately been published by a French officer, who was for many years military attaché at the Court of Berlin. The total number of trained soldiers Germany could dispose of in time of war, including the troops of the landsturm, is estimated by the writer at from 3,000,000 to 3,800,000 men, of whom 1,300,000 belong to the regular army and landwehr. Owing to improvements which have been made in the details of the mobilization scheme since the war of 1870-71, the writer calculates that in three weeks the whole of the regular army could be concentrated on the French frontier, while in another three weeks the four battalions and six divisions of landwehr troops could be brought up into line, the total strength of the invading army being thus raised to about 900,000 men. The mobilization of the second levy of troops could not be begun until the tenth week; but by the end of the thirteenth week 250,000 more men could be added to the field force, raising the strength of this latter to 1,150,000 men, leaving still 280,000 recruits—truly a colossal power, and one feared greatly both by Great Britain and France.

—The study and practice of gymnastics are to be made compulsory in all the State schools in Italy. The apostle of physical culture in that country, Sebastiano Fenzi, the son of a Florence banker. He built a gymnasium at his own expense in that city, and from that beginning the movement has extended from city to city. He has preached gymnastics to Senators and deputies, to the syndic and municipal councilors, and even to the Crown Princess, now Queen. He especially inculcates its advantages on all mothers of families, as likely to increase to a remarkable extent the personal charms of their daughters. And so far as his own domestic experience goes, his theories have not been contradicted by practice, for he is the father of the most beautiful women in Italy. Deputy Salvatore Morelli, a champion of the gentler sex, in presenting a bill for granting to women the right of acting as witnesses in legal documents, recently suggested that the equality of the sexes might be restored in a great measure if young girls before marriage would only give play to their muscles, as, in the event of meeting with a brute of a husband, who might attempt to trounce them, they might settle the dispute by at once knocking him down.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Allotting the Prizes," "At Eventide," "Master of His Own," "The Jew's Sacrifice," "Patent Eyes," "Old Aunt Race," "Keep the Truth," "A Breeze in the Cupola," "Nothing to Say," "Light of My Eye," "A Kiss too Much," "Oh, Lay it Down!"

Rejected: "Joe the Traitor," "Let Us Be Happy Now," "The Wood Nymph's Plaint," "My Cousin Friend the Rhymer," "Sister Dina's Dream," "Open for Proposals," "Life is What We Make It," "Another and Again," "That Saucy Boy," "Re-compense for Loss."

STARR STANFORD. The characters you name probably will appear again in their proper places, but they are not yet actually killed off by their authors.

MOLLY. Conny Island beach is exceedingly fine for bathing. One bath per week should suffice. Provide your own bathing dress, and always have some good friend with you.

JOHNIE KING. "Velvet Hand" is No. 38 and "Gold Dan" is No. 39 of Beadle's Dimm Library. The other, or first series, of the Dick Talbot stories are given in the Library. Can't say when the new story will be produced.

C. C. S. No; we will not make an "exception" in your case. To read the MS. is one hour's work; to write an "opinion" and give you the required instruction—for that is what you virtually demand—is another hour's work. Pray tell the portion of the MS. you wish to have a service of a stranger?

DOLLY DUTTON. Six rings on your fingers is too much like a show. Three are quite sufficient. Wear your stock with frequent changes. Remember that each number of kind gloves comes in three shapes, viz.: short-fingered, medium, and long-fingered. Undressed kid are much cheaper than the dressed, though not so handsome.

GONNOR. The Chippewas, Pottawatomies and Kiowas are not wholly extinct but are only the shadow of tribes. The two former, we believe, still frequent the Lake Superior country, in the summer season. The Kiowas are on "a reserve" and rather affiliate with the Blackfeet, who are the hereditary enemies of the Sioux.

D. K. No gentleman will take a liberty with a lady. A lady is justified in resenting what she knows to be an impropriety. She is right and you are wrong. Apologize if you are a gentleman. What Shakspere says only once and which word is used twice we cannot say. As you probably know, suppose you impart the information.

DONNYBROOK. Farjohn, the novelist, is an Englishman. He married the daughter of Jo Jefferson, the American comedian, and is now residing with his wife, at Mr. Jefferson's villa, in New Jersey, but has no idea of permanently remaining in this country. He is not a Jew but a very pleasant. His books are all published in cheap form.

Mrs. E. A. E. Illinois, we believe, bestows more legal rights on women than any other State in the Union. In almost every State women can hold property in their own right, separate from their husband's control or estate. If you demand the "State of utmost freedom" to women, to act independently of man's control or interference, go to Illinois.

SPENCER RIEL. West Virginia was a part of Virginia and was erected into a separate State during the late civil war. Its people were nominally "loyal," so voted to separate from the mother State, the State east of the Blue Ridge mountains and form a new State, which Congress recognized. It has since preserved its independent State form, and we presume will never become a part of Virginia again.

MISS QUERIST asks: "If two ladies go to a place together, and a gentleman offers to escort one home, what should the other lady do, in case her friend accepts his company?" The answer would not think of asking to see one lady come, when two were in company; unless, a stranger to one, he simply addressed himself to his friend. Of course she would, in accepting his escort, quietly present her companion, who would be entitled to his services equally with his lady friend.

NAVY BOY. As to comparative naval strength of France and Germany we answer that France now has 115 active vessels and seventy-eight in reserve. 45,000 sailors with 1,500 officers, and 160 gunboats with 750 officers, three monster iron-clads, and nine smaller coast boats. Germany has sixty-one active and forty-eight in reserve, 8,000 sailors and 300 officers, with 300 officers, three iron-clads. One of these iron-clads, however, lately went to the bottom of the English channel. Whether or not she will be recovered is still a question.

L. L. D. The atmosphere which envelops the earth is not "in all space." In space there is nothing but inchoate or formless matter of infinitely small particles. The atmosphere decreases so rapidly in density (or, if you please, in mass) that at the height of three and one-half miles, it is only half the weight or volume common to the sea level; therefore, man could hardly breathe at that height; he would, in fact, be unable to breathe. Some adventurers do climb to that height, or higher, but they do so at the risk of exhaustion and bursting of blood-vessels.

Mrs. ANDIE M. Almost any step is justifiable to break up the tendency to melancholia, which only too often a precursor of something worse. Encourage your daughter to seek society—to have company—to go out to entertainments—to take little trips for pleasure, and find no fault with her, for that will on y confirm the habit of reserve and moodiness. See to it that you especially encourage confidence and intimacy with her friends, and brothers, that their gay spirits may be brought constantly to bear on her despondency. Make her happy by every means in your power.

MISS SARON. Oil your hands after they have been in strong acids. The cheap soap used in the grocery stores is abominable stuff—made chiefly of vile grease and "patent" potash. Far better make your own soap of selected grease and pure lye. An exceedingly economic plan, and one that will save the house grease, and when you have ten pounds clarify it with a small (pound) can of lye make a gallon of fine soft soap, and you will have saved a fortune. Each can has on it printed directions for making soap of several kinds. Anything is better than the abominable stuff sold in the stores at eight cents a pound.

ELLA R. R. writes a letter too long to quote. She was engaged to a lover for two years when he suddenly died and now at twenty-two she is compelled to choose a calling for her own support, adding: "I am willing to work hard, and to do any manual, or combined mental and physical, employment in which I can achieve satisfactory results of any kind. I am a fair pianist, and a good singer, and if I were to perfect myself for practicing one of those professions, or were to study for any other profession, my mother would help me, until I could what myself. What would you advise me to do?" As you seem anxious to enter some professional field, why not consult some eminent professors of those attainments in which you are already accomplished and see what verdict they give concerning your chances of success? To whatever profession you should choose, you would have to give years of hard study, and you probably would have to spend considerable money on instructions; for if you aspire to do well you had best study under competent teachers. Yet you may be rewarded by becoming a successful musician, elocutionist, singer, physician, or whatever profession you have chosen. A thorough knowledge of some particular art, either in the practice of it or the teaching of it, generally commands good salaries and positions. There are excellent appointments as cashiers, book-keepers, secretaries, superintendents of business, for ladies who are good mathematicians, copyists and linguists. But remember that whatever occupation you decide to follow, success depends upon your giving it your best efforts, and sticking to it.

Mrs. W. R. WALKER. We can tell you of no sure cure for sea-sickness. What will help one person will not affect another in the least. The eating of salt, dried codfish, in its dried uncooked state, will effectively cure some people of that distressing illness; others find relief by slowly dissolving preserved ginger in the mouth; acid phosphate is found a preventive and cure in some cases, while the homoeopathic remedies are Nux Vomica, Petroleum, and Cocculus. Any one can provide themselves with a tiny vial of these medicines and try them in the order mentioned. You mention not taking Nux Vomica the day before you sail, if you know yourself susceptible to sea-sickness. Take three doses a day. If this fails to prevent or cure sea-sickness, try one of the other medicines—a dose every hour or two. You will find it a convenience to take some ginseng on shipboard with you, to screw in the cracks of your state-room, for books. Also, make a shoe-bag—flat-backed and furnished with rows of pockets—of stout linen, denim, or bed-ticking, and tack it securely, so that it cannot swing upon the door, on a level with the lower berth. You will find this wonderfully convenient for holding brush, combs, hair-pins, button-hooks, sleeve-buttons, collars, cuffs, etc., and preferable to constantly opening and shutting a hand-bag. Another useful article is a good-sized "toilet-tidy," made of colored linen or cretonne, in which all soiled collars, cuffs,

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

King Robert died in 1343, and Joanna became Queen of Naples, Provence and Piedmont—three of the most fair and most enlightened countries in the world; but, being a minor, Robert had named in his will a council of regency to manage the three kingdoms' affairs during Joanna's minority. This was purposely done to shut out Andreas the imbecile from any exercise of authority in the state; but no sooner was the good king dead than the detestable friar Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereignty

Charles of Anjou, whom she had brought up to manhood and ever regarded as her heir. She had married him to her favorite niece (daughter of Maria), and all Naples was prepared for his succession when Joanna, their most revered queen, should be no more. Charles was then serving in the army of Hungary, and the fierce Urban won him to his projects. Under a Pope's special edict Charles was given the throne of Naples; and marched, (A. D. 1281) with a large army of Hungarians, against Joanna. Unprepared for such a struggle the queen

Perhaps she hoped, more than she feared, that

hand ef I'd a-knowed it in time. Bless her sweet eyes! *she* don't put on no airs like Bill! I'd stand up an' be shot 'fore I'd blow on *her*. She ain't no mushroom bondholder, *she* ain't nor no bloated aristocrat, like Kearney tells

tables with a vengeance! That rough old mine

object to an earl's son! Henry thought of his home at Roselm, his palace in Mayfair, his place at court, and almost laughed, only he was too unhappy about the matter to enjoy his ludicrous side.

"I shall not run away for fear a bragging might assassinate me," was the rather lofty reply. "As to her father, if I were certain that Miss Brant was legally free from the scoundrel who claims her as his wife, I should be quite willing to defy him. It is the matter of the pretended marriage that troubles me, Mr. Bryce."

"Now, just you marry the girl an' yer all right. That little black-eyed critter is the real wife, no mistake. You don't run no risk that, my friend. An' you won't be makin' such a bad match, nuther, ef ye are got a title tacked on to the tail of yer name. Most folks likes money. Money covers a multitude o' sins. Money's good to have, even for an earl's son. They tell me Ben Brant's got silver enough to build a ten-acre house outen the solid bricks, an' enough left over to rail in a perrairie, an' gold enough fur trimmin's. He's the owner of a bona fide bonanza, he is; an' a little of that an' silver would go good to enrich the worn-out side o' yer father's estates. Put that in yer daddy's pipe, an' smoke it! To say nothin' of the beauty of that ar' particular girl! I'm proud of her as a specimen, I am! Yer needn't tell me that any such ladies were yer come from. Queen Victoria's daughters can hold a candle to Miss Mercedes!"

The young nobleman was unused to hearing such familiar talk from an inferior; hardly knowing whether to resent it or take it good-naturedly, he kept silent.

"Bill Alexander's a coolly growing thin," went on Sam, unabashed. "He's fretting hisself to a shadow. I told him yesterday he'd do to cut bread with, he was gittin' so sharp. Fur my part, I'm sure, that little black-eyed witch, Keety, is good enough fur him. That gal will do some mischief, yit, sure's my name's Sam Bryce! It's in her! I'd rather fool with a three-year-old colt than a woman with them eyes! You can't guard ag'in a jealous girl what you've made false promises to. Them's my words."

"Perhaps you are right," Lord Henry felt he must make some answer—"but she seems a gentle, kind creature."

"Of course, of course! Them kind is gentle, an' good, an' self-denyin', an' can't do enough for you, an' all that, as you treat em, an' see how the fire will flash! I tell you, sir, it strikes me that Keety's broodin' an' broodin' an' somethin' will come of it!"

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for all your kindness," Mr. Bryce; and I'll bid you good-night, now."

"Good-night, sir; an' if that's news, I'll contrive to let you know."

"Thank you. I've made up my mind to leave here day-after-tomorrow."

Sam Bryce opened his mouth very wide; then shut it again without saying anything.

"An' leave her behind, you pale-livered English cuss!" was what he wanted to exclaim.

Lord Henry regained the little house where he had spent the very happiest hours of a happy life, full of serious thought, pondering what he should do. The most important decision of his life had to be made. He could not remain on and on indefinitely, in that humble home, as he would have liked. He owed it to his father to explain where he was. He owed it to Mercedes either to avow himself, or quit her society at once and forever. He knew that she loved him and that he madly worshipped her. Yet, what could he do?

What he wanted to do was this: to see Mercedes safely back to her aunt's house in New York. Once again under her aunt's protection, they could afford to wait a few months and be married in a proper and dignified way when they were married. Mercedes, this Alexander must be silenced. "Cesar's wife must be above suspicion," Lord Henry revolted at the thought of his wife being the subject of gossip.

He had been informed by Bryce that Alexander had hired men to watch the departing passengers of every train, not only from the station, but every station within fifty miles. So he knew that if he attempted to escort the young lady to any train, there would be an unpleasant scene.

He was so sad and lost in thought that Mercedes, feeling that the hour of their separation drew nigh, grew very pale and silent.

She grew indignant, too. Her heart throbbed painfully with the heavy consciousness that Lord Henry's love was no match for her own. Would she have hesitated? Would any cloud of sorrow or scandal about him have kept her away if he had called?

Suddenly turning his gaze upon her, he saw her little figure drawn up with its proudest expression, and that the beautiful eyes were fixed upon him with pity and reproach.

This made him see his own hesitation in its true light. He arose and went toward her, passionate words on his lips, when Mercedes, blanched and wide-eyed, rushed into the room, whispering:

"Oh, my! Hide somewhere, my dear mistress! Alexander is at the door, with three officers," and as she spoke a loud knock almost shook the little house.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 431.)

Kismet.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

The full brass band in the pavilion in front of the Ocean Avenue house was playing Alexander's exquisite serenade—"Sleep well, sweet angel," the breeze was blowing in gentle salt gusts from off the ocean; the first tender tints of a summer twilight were falling on land and sea, while low down in the opaline horizon, as if arising from the royal couch in the waves, a full golden moon was rising.

The hour, the place, the surroundings, impressed Mabel Gracien strongly, as she sat on the sands, entirely alone, remote from the throngs of more frivolous, less thoughtful people.

She had spread her gray blanket shawl on the beach, making a little carpet of it, and there she half sat, half reclined, leaning on one hand whose elbow supported her head—there she sat, fairly very fair to see, with her sweet, wistful eyes looking out on the waters as if searching for solution to the look of piteous questioning that had never left her eyes since a night, six months back, when Robert Holm had turned angrily away from her, refusing to listen to her explanations, coldly declining to believe her anguished protestations of love and loyalty.

She certainly had loved him well—so well that she never for a moment had ceased thinking of him since, thinking of him as she thought of him now, as she sat on the sands, listening to the best of the surf, the rhythm of the low tender refrain—"Sleep well, sleep well"—harmonies that stirred her pulses and awoke such passionate yearning for the one only man she had ever loved, or whose kisses had been laid on her lips.

Mabel Gracien was one of those ardent receptive natures on whom the masterfulness and tenderness of such a character as Robert Holm's could scarcely fail of leaving abiding impressions; and added to her sweet impulse of temperament was the very essence of true womanly loyalty and worship—that loyalty whose motto is—"The king can do no wrong," and which makes the lover king over all.

It was little wonder then, that since the breach between her and her lover, the shadows had crept to her eyes, not to be dissipated, the piteous patience of pain that only a passion-hearted woman ever felt, had come to her sweet face; it was no wonder that they had written their sad story there, or that to-night the anguish in the eyes, the silent woe around the proud lips should be deeper, for the music and the witchery of the dusk and the solemn thunder of the ceaseless surf were stirring her to her

soul's center, and all of her was crying out in speechlessness of suffering.

Then, she heard footsteps coming, and the soft rustle of a woman's skirts over the moist sands, and then, as a lady and gentleman passed her, Robert Holm's well-known voice addressed his companion—simple, common-place words enough, but they made Mabel Gracien feel, for a moment, that she would die of the shock, the startling surprise of pain.

"Take care, Elsie; the wash came nearly to your feet then."

Then a little feminine scream, a gathering of snowy, fluted ruffled skirt, a glimpse of dainty, French-shipped feet and pale, salmon silk hose, a little laugh from Robert Holm, and the two passed on beyond, away from her. She had scarcely strength to look up from beneath her wide-rimmed hat, even to look after him, her love, her idol, on whose arm a fair girl was leaning so confidently, listening, without doubt, to the same sweet, persuasive voice, that had even yet the same power to thrill her own poor sick heart.

She lifted her eyes, dark with agony, and looked at him, with such craving hunger in her gaze that it would have broken his heart to have seen; looked at him, so grandly handsome and strengthful and manly; looked at the proud set head, with the short-cut, curling hair she had seen on that one kiss in a very passion of tenderness, the broad, square shoulder against which the girl's bare head just reached.

Then she looked at her—tiny, graceful, stylish, with her fair hair floating softly in the sea-breeze, her cheeks pink as an orchid's and, her laughing lips the luscious tint of wet coral.

"Elsie!" He must have cared for her very, very much, he must be on closely intimate terms to call her by her lovely Christian name—and great deadly pangs of faint, jealous agony surged over and over this woman who would have died for Robert Holm's sake—for Robert Holm's sake, and he going further and further away from her, with Elsie Wynne's sweet eyes looking in his face, her beautiful hand resting on his arm.

Gradually they went beyond her range of vision, never having seen her, never having dreamed of her vicinity, never having thought of her at all. She moaned to herself as she crouched down nearer the salt sand, with every roll and break of the foamy surf at her feet, with every minor chord of the serenade by the band, that her life was being wrenched from her by those pangs of dumb, writhing agony.

Then, the sky grew darker and darker, and a few stars came out, and the moon soared high and higher. People went back to the hotels along the bluff, and the music adjourned to the ball-room; and it seemed to Mabel Gracien that she was solitary and desolate in the world, with only the stars and the sea and her woe left to her breaking heart that loved, as women so often do, too well; that loved, as women so pitifully often do, so many thousand-fold more than they are beloved in return.

The hush of the solemn midnight was on land and sea, seeming to Robert Holm as if the very silence was eloquent with memories of the past. He had spent an hour or so at the hop earlier in the night, and then, when Elsie Wynne, good-night, and had gone to his own rooms where for an hour or more he had worked hard and steadily at his literary duties—for to Robert Holm there was no such thing as absolute rest even at the seaside, on what he termed his vacation.

He was making a glorious reputation. His novels were the sensation of the day, and the reading world had gone ecstasy-mad over them. He was coming money; fair women adored him, men congratulated him, strangers looked at him as if he were a species of some extinct race—fortune favored him every way, except—

It was that exception of which he was thinking as he sat on the upper balcony, smoking his cigar, his field of tip making a pale light in the yallow moonlight, had hidden Elsie Wynne, he thought every hour of his life, of which he had thought every hour since he and the only woman he had ever loved had parted from each other, months ago, and of whom he had never thought a word in his life since he was wife and conscience-guilty, knowing he had been hard and merciless in his anger.

Once or twice he had heard her name mentioned, casually; beyond that, it was as if the sea had swallowed her.

He had regretted something very much—as much as it is possible for a man ever to regret anything where a woman is concerned. He had missed her very much—missed the soft touches of her hand, the uplifted eyes full of adoring love, the voice that became his wife's, the lips that quivered beneath his kisses—he missed them, and yet, manlike, he would have rather foregone on missing them than to have admitted the loss he felt.

Yet he loved her—certainly not as she loved him, he realized, something very much—as much as it is possible for a man ever to regret anything where a woman is concerned. He had missed her very much—missed the soft touches of her hand, the uplifted eyes full of adoring love, the voice that became his wife's, the lips that quivered beneath his kisses—he missed them, and yet, manlike, he would have rather foregone on missing them than to have admitted the loss he felt.

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pale face, and strange thoughts and fancies in his head, and a curious feeling at his heart.

A day or two of that. Afterward, several weeks of glad sunny weather, and sparkling sea and sweet, soft winds, and moonlight and starlight, and then—

He asked Elsie Wynne to marry him. And she never knew the price of her happiness—that from all eternity it had been written against the name of one woman Robert Holm loved, to die for his sake that she might reap her harvest of perfect content.

THIS IS THE SAME OLD MANSION.

BY WM. W. LONG.

This is the same old mansion,
Mossy and grim and gray,
And the summer sunlight falleth
As bright and fair to-day.
The bluebird sings in the cedars,
In a low, sweet monotone;
An the path all lined with roses
Winds up to the old door-stone.

Spring brings the same young swallows,
From sunny lands far away,
And the heart of the June rose opens
To the kiss of the roosting bee.
The lark soars up in the ether
Of the beautiful bright blue sky,
And the winds of the forest whisper
As they wander softly by.

'Twas here in the glow of sunset
We rambled amid the flowers,
Not counting the moments as they flew
On wings of golden hours;
But now in midsummer's beauty
The heart is cold and drear,
Like the shattered strings of a broken lute
Whence sweetest sounds have fled.

My feet tread alone each chamber,
So bright in the days of old;
The house is cold and drear,
The heart-fire dark and cold;
Yet a sweet face ever haunts me—
A face with a rose glow,
And the soft shy look she gave me
In this old home, years ago.

The Pirate Prince;

OR,

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE," "THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON COSSACK," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIAMOND DICK," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "WITH A HEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF EL MORO.

HAVING gained an offing from the Buccaneer Island, Captain Rafael left the deck in charge of Coxswain Morton, promoted for the time being to the command of the *carerra*, in a position that the new officer was exceedingly proud of.

"How shall I head, sir?" asked Matt Morton, as Rafael turned away.

"As you are for the present. I was just going into the cabin to consult the lady passenger regarding her desires as to where she will land."

Entering the sumptuously-furnished cabin, Captain Rafael found his fair passenger reclining upon a silken divan, her face aglow with hope, while the old negro, the old negress, a murmur of joy escaping her lips in monotonous strain.

"Pardon my intrusion, senorita, but I come to ask if you prefer to land at your own home, or would you have me carry you to Havana?"

Rafael smiled politely, with uncovered head, before the beautiful girl, who replied quickly:

"Be seated, senor captain, and we will decide between us; but, dare you enter Havana with your vessel?"

"Yes, lady, I dare go anywhere; but of course not in the garb you know me. If I run into Havana, I am a south-side planter, and this is my yacht—my name being Don Bernardo Rosalia."

"I understand, senor—neither myself or my old nurse, Magdalena, would betray you, or yours, after all you have done for us. No, I shall ever remember Rafael, the Rover, with kindness, nay, with friendship, and since you came to our rescue this afternoon, Magdalena has been praying to the Virgin even for your prosperity, and the maiden smiled sweetly, while Rafael said, somewhat bitterly:

"It is kind of Magdalena, for my prosperity is other people's ruin; but I am glad, senorita, to have won your blessing instead of your curses; then, if you are willing, I will carry you to Havana, running in by night, and landing under cover of the darkness, for I do not wish to attract more attention than is necessary. You have friends in Havana?"

"Indeed! he commands the Moro Castle," said Rafael, in some surprise.

"Yes, senor, and he is as stern as those old castle walls; but not to me, for he has been ever kind, and my mother, his sister, was the being whom he loved in the world, but am I not tiring you, and also depriving you of your cabin?"

"Oh, no! not tiring me, and I have delightful quarters beyond this cabin, which is wholly at your service, and none will disturb you. Now return to the deck and lay out your course for Havana."

"You are running a terrible risk, senor. Suppose, after all, you land me at some place on the coast."

"No, I am going to Havana anyhow, and one who loves the life of the sea as I do, will not be deterred by such trifles. There are refreshments, senorita, and if I can serve you in any way, please command me. Buenas noches," and Captain Rafael returned to the deck, and the *carerra* was put away for Havana.

"On the night following the departure from the island, the pretty little vessel glided swiftly in under the shadows of the Moro, and dropped anchor close in shore.

"Now, senorita, I am ready to escort you to my quarters," said Rafael, leading the cabin, where Inez Revilla and Magdalena awaited him, ready for departure.

"If you will escort me to a *volante* on shore, I can easily be driven to my uncle's," said Inez, with a pleasant smile.

"No, I consider you my *protégée*, and shall see you safely in the arms of your uncle."

"But the great risk you run, senor. Oh! do not, for my sake, place yourself in such jeopardy. Why, I go right into the walls of the Moro, where I am early and we will find him up; besides, I have long had a desire to see the interior of the Moro," said Rafael, carelessly.

Offering his arm he led the maiden on deck, and Matt Morton politely saluted him, as he asked:

"Can I send Martin ashore, sir, in a boat, with the sick fisherman?"

"Certainly! I had forgotten him. Give Martin gold to defray the expenses of the poor fellow at some *pulpieria* until he recovers."

"Or, if he is very low, sir," said the sympathizing coxswain, who felt an interest in the sick fisherman according to his regard for Pretty Nellie.

The cutter having been lowered and hauled alongside, Captain Rafael handed Inez and her old nurse into the stern-sheets, and then called out:

"Morton, let Martin and his man go ashore with us; there is plenty of room."

Five minutes after, Martin appeared on deck, his burden in his arms, and descended into the cutter and took a seat in the bow.

Then the boat was pushed off and soon landed at a pier, when Rafael sent a seaman to call two *volantes*.

One soon arrived, and Rafael called to Inez, to emerge into the light, but she drew back.

"No, senor captain, he is suffering and should be the first cared for. Let them go in this vehicle; another will soon arrive."

"As you please, senorita. Here, my man, take your patient in this *volante*, and when you have found him quarters and made him comfortable, return to this landing and a boat will meet you."

Martin obeyed this order with alacrity, inwardly blessing the maiden for first thinking of his patient and getting him out from under the footstep of the young chief, for he was in constant dread of discovery, and the nearer he drew to safety the more nervous he became.

As for Paul Melville, he was perfectly calm. If it came to the worst, he could raise the alarm; declare that Rafael the Rover was there, and he could soon prove that he was a commissioned officer in the navy of the United States.

But unsuspecting that Paul Melville was even alive, Rafael of course had no suspicion of who was at his very side, and aided Martin and his charge into the *volante*, and then sprang in himself.

"Gracias, senor, gracias, senor captain," said Paul Melville, in a faint voice, to Rafael, and in perfect Spanish.

A moment after the *volante* wheeled rapidly away, a second one dashed up, and drew rein near the boat.

Into this vehicle Rafael helped the Senorita Inez and Magdalena, and then sprang in himself.

"To the Moro—the commandant's quarters," he said to the driver, and the heavy carriage rumbled along the streets on its way to the gun-guarded fortress.

A short drive and the vehicle was admitted through the massive gateway, and drew rein in front of the quarters of the commandant.

"Now, senor, you will leave me here," pleaded Inez, grasping the hand of the buccaneer.

"No, I will give you into the charge of your uncle, senorita."

Before the maiden could reply, an officer stood by the side of the vehicle.

"Welcome, senor, to the Moro," said General Sebastian, senior; "I have his niece, the Senorita Revilla, with me."

"Certainly, senor; he will most gladly welcome you, for the mysterious disappearance of the senorita has pained him deeply. Your name, senor, and I will announce you."

"Si, senor," and the officer disappeared to return the next instant, accompanied by a distinguished-looking man in the full uniform of a Spanish general, and with a glad cry the maiden declared herself clasped in her uncle's arms.

"Ah, *carra mia*, I welcome you again and again! I believed you forever lost to me; but tell me, where have you been, and to whom do we owe your rescue?"

"In this is the gentleman to whom I owe so much," said Rafael, pointing to Paul Melville, who saved me from that wretched buccaneer, Luis Ramirez."

"Ha! it is as I have heard—Luis Ramirez is then a corsair?"

"But, senor, pardon me, if, in the joy of my niece's return, I have seemed to slight you; it was unintentional, senor, I assure you, and you must now come in and have wine with me; but how is it you rescued Inez?—pray tell me."

"There is an island, senor general, near my home, where I often hunt; it is sometimes occupied by buccaneers, and it was there that Ramirez took the senorita, and held her in imprisonment, while he was on a cruise, hoping upon his return, that she would be forced to marry him."

"By visiting the island broke up his life

"Speak out, amigo—I owe you my life, and I'll do all I can, you may rest assured."

"Well, sir, you know that Captain Rafael came with us in the *cavera*?"

"Yes, and I've been thinking that it would be a good plan to entrap him. He kidnapped me, you know, and I nearly lost my life by it, so I will see that he is taken and he will be broken on the wheel, with garroted," and Paul Melville's eyes flashed with determined hatred.

"That is just it, senor. There is a big price offered for Rafael's head, dead or alive, and we might as well handle the gold, and I can arrange it easily."

"Then we will do it, Martin. Now to your plan."

"Well, senor, you say you are not going to leave here for a day or two?"

"Yes, I'll remain housed several days, resting, and then go on board the sloop-of-war to which I am ordered."

"Shall I go aboard, senor, to let them know you are here? I would like a chance to enlist, you know."

"You can easily do that. I will see to it; but I will not let my captain know I am here until I go on board."

"It is this, senor. I know the *pulpero* where the chief will put up, and I can go there to-morrow, find out his room, and lay my plans, so that to-morrow night we can go together, with several guards, and capture him."

"The very plan! You are a good plotter, and I will leave it in your hands."

The buccaner said no more, but rising, bade Paul Melville good-night, and sought his own room, which adjoined that of the young officer.

The following day he was up at an early hour, and was busy until late in the afternoon arranging some plans for the night at a late hour sought Paul Melville in his room.

"I am ready, senor; the guards await us at the *pulperia*, and Captain Rafael is there, wholly unsuspecting. By the time we arrive it will be midnight, so you had better get ready."

"I will be with you in a moment, my fine fellow. Now, here I am," and the two left the house together and sprung into a *volante* awaiting in front of the door.

After quite a long drive they got out in front of a rude tavern, or *pulperia*, in one of the lowest, dingiest streets in Havana, and were at once entered into a door on the side by the *pulpero*, who met them.

Within the narrow, dark hallway, stood two men in uniform, and Martin introduced them as the guard.

"We have a Tartar to catch, my men; I hope you are well prepared," said Paul Melville.

"Si, senor; we are ready for any emergency," replied one of the men.

Going along a narrow, dingy hallway, the five men, for the *pulpero* accompanied them, leading the way, ascended several rickety stairways, and knocked at a low door.

"Come in!" replied a voice within.

"Enter first, senor," said Martin, and Paul Melville raised the latch and crossed the threshold.

It was a pleasant room inside, and neatly furnished, with bed, easy-chair and table, upon which a lamp burned brightly.

At the table sat a man who arose as the party entered.

"We would see El Capitan Rafael," said Paul Melville, failing to recognize a dark-bearded, large man who came forward to meet them.

As quick as a flash of light the man pointed the muzzle of a pistol in the face of Paul Melville, while he hissed forth:

"Senor, you are my prisoner. If you resist I will kill you."

Paul Melville saw that the man was in earnest, and furthermore beheld the *pulpero* also holding a pistol at his head, while the two guards had Martin in durance vile, and with a bitter imprecation he said:

"I surrender; what is your intention with us?"

"Not to harm you, unless you attempt to escape; but to hold you prisoner until Rafael's *cavera* leaves the harbor. You see the buccaner captain is merciful," replied the man whom they had found in the room.

"Yes, he is very merciful," and then turning to Martin he said:

"We're in a trap. I hope he tells the truth when he says he will release us when the *cavera* sails."

"I hope so, senor," said Martin in desponding tones.

"Here, no conversation between you. Remove that man to the other room, and place the guard at his door," sternly commanded the one who seemed to be the leader of the party.

"Come, sir," and Martin was dragged from the room and Paul Melville was left alone, after the *pulpero* had told him he should be furnished with meals and all that he desired to pay for.

As the door closed the *pulpero* locked it securely and placed the key in his pocket, after which he ordered one of the guards to take his stand outside.

Then the other guard, the leader and *pulpero*, with Martin, went into another room near by, when the seaman no longer appeared to be a prisoner, as he turned to his companions and said:

"Senors, that was well executed, and I thank you. The *pulpero* will let you go to go to go, agreed upon between us, and your duties as sentinels will only last a few days; *buenas noches*, comrades."

"Yes."

"Then to drive him, by night, outside the city walls and leave him?"

"Si, senor."

"Bueno! Now here is your gold—one hundred pesos for yourself, and fifty apiece for your three comrades; is this all right, senor?"

"Si, senor."

"Then I will bid you good-night. When you see Captain Rafael again tell him how our Martin saved his life."

"I will, senor. I owe el capitan much. He has been good to me, and I would serve him without the gold."

"No, you are a risk, and you deserve to be paid for it; but I advise you to disguise the color of your house, if you can, and when you carry the lieutenant out, do so by another door, and do not forget to tell him you know nothing of me."

"I will, *gracias*, senor."

With a wave of his hand, Martin left the *pulperia*, muttering to himself:

"Well, I have saved the captain, and saved myself the blood of that traitor on my hands; besides, if we should meet again, he will believe that I had nothing to do with it, and I can trump up a good story of how I was carried off for several days to sea; and the best of it is, the money I paid out is what was given me to defray the expenses of the poor fisherman! Ha! ha! ha! I bid Martin, you are a deep schemer; but you must now become an honest man; so here goes for other quarters until I decide upon what my future course will be. Why I may yet return home with honor, and be sent to represent the people in Congress!" and with a chuckle, Edward Martin, ex-buccaner, walked briskly along the deserted street, at peace with himself and the world in general.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

ROSEBUD; OR, CUSTER'S RIDE TO DEATH.

BY HARRY BURNS.

Did I ever hear tell of the Rosebud fight, And Custer? Well, stranger, I reckon you're right. Old Fast-Eddie, that was the name— War the only one ever got out of the muss. Er' ye'll drop on your racket, I'll tell yer the way Of some things that happened that day; But I reckon my lingo ain't none of the best, So you do the 'ritin', and I'll do the rest.

A beautiful day. 'Twas a morning in June; The sweet whippoorwill sung its plaintive tune. How little 'twas dreamt that the sun smiling then Would go down, like a pall, o'er three hundred brave men!

Far out on the plain, with hearts beating true, These three hundred brave troopers, in yellow and blue, Went flying around to encircle the foe. While Reno was left to do battle below. Onward they pushed with their yellow-haired chief, Fighting—their tactics, their councils were brief, With never one thought for a moment to fall, While marching along through the deep, winding vale.

A moment they halt on the battle-famed crest; The sun is now gliding away to the west; But little they dream that the valley below Is studded, like sands of the sea, with the foe.

Load sounds the bugle-notes, mellow and clear. Forward! trot! gallop! the red-skins are near! Away goes the Seventh to death with a cheer! Sharp sounds the rifle-crack—

Brave hearts die in the front, back, Red hands encompass them—sides, front and rear. Bravely they show their might, While they drop left and right, Over the hill and plain, Charging with might and main— Yet it was all in vain— This was their bier!

Custer now led the van, Flouting them hand to hand. "Fandy, away!" he said; "One must escape the lead While we yet stand!"

Tell them, Keogh, Cooke, Yates, Fighting here side by side— Flowing a crimson tide; Then 'twas grand—

Tell them, Keogh, Cooke, Yates, And all of my noble mates— How we met glorious fates— Facing the foe as the man— Barely he bid good-by—

When came a fiendish cry— Custer was doomed to die! Strong hearts beat fast, How the last handful fell, Fighting as brave men, well, Searched each man to tell— Death took the last!

May the deeds of those heroes be never forgot. Let their crown be a garland of forget-me-nots. Let us sing to their memories sweet anthems of praise, Who died full of glory, if not full of days, Dare never a whisper e'er darken their fame, Without bringing a blush to the redeater's shame, For theirs is a glory that heroes can crave— A glory that lives as it lies in the grave!

Lost Lulu;

OR,

THE PRAIRIE CAVALIER.

A Romance of Love and Life in a Frontier Fort.

BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY,
(BUFFALO BILL).

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A VILLAIN'S DOOM.

FINDING that it was impossible for him to follow the trail at night, even when the moon arose, Captain Graham led his men into a timber *motte* and went into camp.

But he could not rest; he was most uneasy at the thought that Baron Saville might yet overtake the fugitives and draw from them the truth about their crime.

With the money furnished him by Ida Vincent, he had bribed the two ruffians to kill Lulu, and they had made a mistake; they had killed the very one who had laid the plot to get a rival out of the way.

"It was devilish awkward in them, and bad for Ida; but I am free of her," muttered the captain, and he turned over again upon his blanket, and tried to go to sleep.

"A stranger has come into camp, sir—a queer-looking fellow—says he's a friend of yours, and comes from a train camped in the foot-hills."

"Send him here, orderly. Strange we know nothing at the fort of the arrival of a train," and Captain Graham arose to his feet.

It was well for him that the faint firelight failed to show the deadly pallor that came over his face as the man came up.

But, without waiting to be greeted, the fellow spoke out:

"How d'ye, capt'n! I've durned glad ter see yer ag'in. Yer see, I'm guidin' a train inter these parts, an' seel'n yer fires I rode over from our camp on 'n' heavin' as you was in command I made bold to ax to see yer."

The orderly had now gone, and pale with rage and dread Burt Graham said quickly:

"Pool! why did you come here?"

"I come to see yerself. Me an' my pard wants a talk with yer afore we makes tracks—we've concluded to change our course, an' we can soon settle it up, so jist come along out o' range o' ther camp an' we'll talk it over."

"Where is your camp?"

"Waitin' for us at ther foot-hills yonder. Did you see anything of a single horseman—the one who pursued you?" eagerly asked the officer.

"Guesses I did; he's passed in."

"What is he dead?" and a joy was in the tone.

"You bet! We go right by whar he's lyn'!"

"It will look bad, my leaving camp with you."

"Say you is goin' over ter see friends in ther migrant camp."

"And in the morning the men will know that there is no eagle-trail here."

"Vaal, arter we settle up matters, blaze away with yer shootin'-iron; we'll holler like hounds, an' you kin come inter camp on ther run an' say I led yer inter a trap."

"I don't believe I will go, fellow."

"Then I'll shoot."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"We'll g'in ourselves up an' say you paid us ter do it."

"I will go with you; orderly, have my horse saddled; I will ride over to the camp near by to see some friends."

Five minutes more and the two men were riding slowly over the prairie toward the foot-hills.

As they got out of sight-range from the cavalry camp a horseman on the prairie caught sight of them and rode back toward the foot-hills.

Up the hillside the ruffian led the way until they came to the thicket, and here Captain Graham saw a man whom he at once recognized as his other hireling in the attempt to murder Lulu.

"The Cap has come, pard. Git down, capt'n, an' we'll soon fix matters."

Moodily Captain Graham dismounted, and turning found a pistol-muzzle pressing against his temple, while he heard the stern words:

"You are a prisoner, Captain Graham!"

"Is may the officer cried out:

"What means this outrage?"

"It means, Captain Graham, that from these men your villainy is known."

"And who are you, sir?" and the officer looked up into the stern face of the man before him, and which he had never seen before that he remembered.

"I am one, Captain Burt Graham, who knows you as you are—a liar, a gambler, a perjurer and a murderer—one who gained your present rank by the murder of your captain."

"It is a lie!" almost shrieked the wretched man.

"It is the truth. Some days ago I met a man in these hills who attempted to take my life. I was quicker on the draw than he was, and I took his life."

"But he did not die at once; he had time to say how sorry he was for his misdeeds, and told me of yourself—he was once a soldier in your company."

"He told me how you had once befriended him, and though he *saw* you kill your captain, he kept it a secret, as did also the other witness. This other witness he told me was your wife—whom you had secretly married, believing she was his wife, and who had married you for a like reason."

"Now you see I know you, my gallant captain—ay, know how you swore away the life of Radcliffe the Scout, for killing a man who now stands by your side."

The other witness held his wild eyes to the right, and there beheld Baron Saville, his arms folded upon his broad breast, his face cold and stern.

"Now, Captain Graham, your career ends within the next ten minutes," continued the hunter.

"In God's name, what mean you?"

"I mean that Baron Saville and myself are your judge and jury, and we have decided that you must die."

"Die! Great God, I am not fit to die," almost shrieked the wretched man.

"You are the hunter, and your wicked-hearted wife is dead; it is not right that you shall follow her."

"And I must die, you say?" and the hand dropped like lightning on a pistol-butt.

Yet the grasp of iron upon his wrist kept him from drawing the weapon.

"Baron, take these tools, please: they are dangerous playthings for a desperate man," calmly said the hunter.

"Now, Captain Graham, I show you one mercy."

The doomed man glanced up with a look of hope, and the hunter continued:

"You are a soldier—and you have been a gallant one notwithstanding your vile life. In consideration of this, you shall be shot, not hung."

The man bowed his head upon his breast, and his whole form quivered with emotion; but, by a mighty effort of self-control, he looked up and said, calmly:

"If I must die, I am ready; who is to be my executioner?"

"These two men—those whom you hired to kill an innocent girl."

The two horsemen started at this; it was a duty they had not expected, and Captain Graham said, quietly:

"It is perhaps best—a just retribution; but tell me—how have I injured you?" and he gazed fixedly into the face of the hunter.

"Who killed full of glory, if not full of days, Dare never a whisper e'er darken their fame, Without bringing a blush to the redeater's shame, For theirs is a glory that heroes can crave— A glory that lives as it lies in the grave!"

"And on the brink of the grave I thank you; now, men, stand ready—my executioners, and a grim smile flitted across the face of the doomed man."

Then he added:

"In a moment die in battle, I would be content, but this is horrible; still, I will not shrink from my fate; I am ready, sir."

Struck by the real courage of the man, the hunter said, earnestly:

"Would to God, Captain Graham, you had lived in the fort for your crime, your name would go down to the grave in disgrace, and those that love you would mourn you not only dead, but dishonored; now it will be thought that you were led into a trap and killed by an enemy, perhaps by Indians. For your mother's and sister's sake, I beg you, resist your crimes."

"And on the brink of the grave I thank you; now, men, stand ready—my executioners, and a grim smile flitted across the face of the doomed man."

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"And on the brink of the grave I thank you; now, men, stand ready—my executioners, and a grim smile flitted across the face of the doomed man."

Then he added:

"In a moment die in battle, I would be content, but this is horrible; still, I will not shrink from my fate; I am ready, sir."

here is his horse—who can have been the murderer?"

"That is what it will be hard to find out," quietly responded the nobleman, no look on his face showing that he knew the dread secret that the night had concealed.

In a short while the body of the dead officer was strapped to the saddle, and the horses were turned back toward the fort.

After an hour's ride they saw a horseman on the prairie coming toward them. As he drew nearer, at a sweeping gallop, none seemed to know him; who could he be? Such was the question each asked the other, yet none could answer.

With a military salute the horseman drew rein in front of Lieutenant Bolton, and asked politely:

"Do I address the commanding officer of this squadron?"

"You do, sir. By the sad loss of our captain I am in command," and the young officer pointed to the body strapped on the horse, which was led by one of the troopers.

"Ah, he is dead! The work of a renegade or Indian, doubtless!"

"Who did it we do not know; but can I ask your name? You seem a stranger in these parts."

"Yet I know these prairies well. The fact is, sir, I am an independent scout, and having run a trail, I have been on for some time, to cover, I am now looking for just such a command as you have to make a capture that will do the country me some service."

"And that is—"

"The band of renegades known as the Prairie Jayhawkers."

"What! you know their retreat?"

"Yes, sir, and I can lead you to it. To-night they hold a council, and all the gang will be there—some thirty in number—and we can surprise them."

"How know you this?" asked the lieutenant, with suspicion.

"From having dogged their steps for some time, and because I have felt that I could destroy them at one blow."

"And your motive?"

"To rid the country of the presence of such a band of desperadoes."

The lieutenant was silent a moment. He longed to be the one who would annihilate the Jayhawkers' band; but the man before him he distrusted.

"Yet what had he to fear with two score troopers at his back?"

No; he would trust the man, and if he deceived him, or led him into a trap, he should be the first to suffer.

"What guarantee have I that you will not lead me into a trap?"

"My word only. No, you may bind me, and if I deceive you, why, shoot me down."

"I would trust him, Bolton; he seems honest," said the baron.

"Well, sir, I will trust you! I have with me forty troopers, five will go on to the fort with the captain's body, and the rest will accompany me. Sergeant Wells, you will take four men and proceed to Fort Helen and report to Colonel Decatur the circumstances attending Captain Graham's death, and also that I have gone on a scout after Jayhawkers."

"The two men whom we were sent in pursuit of, you can say, we could not overtake, as they had relays of fresh horses, and they escaped us."

"Yes, sir," and Sergeant Wells departed for the fort, while Lieutenant Bolton, the baron and the troopers followed the strange hunter, who struck at once for the mountains.

It was a long, hard ride, but the horses stood it well, and shortly after nightfall the strange guide made known that they were near the retreat of the Jayhawkers.

"I have flanked their position, sir, and we can ride into their camps ere they know of our presence," announced the guide.

In half an hour more a number of camp-fires came in sight, and around them were groups of men standing in supposed security.

"Put a line of men here in a semicircle and let the remainder charge—this is the only position that they can escape from, as a high cliff, or a ravine, is beyond them."

The suggestion of the guide was at once carried out, and the next morning, with a wild cheer, the troopers charged upon the camp.

The fight was short and sanguinary, and ended by the capture of all the Jayhawkers who were not killed, while the loss to the soldiers was slight.

Rejoiced at his success, the lieutenant encamped upon the field, and the troopers made merry over the spoils found in the Jayhawkers' camp.

At an early hour the squadron, with its wounded prisoners and spoils, started upon its return to the fort; but the guide was not with them, for, after the combat, he had disappeared most mysteriously, none knowing whether he went; but, through his aid the frontier had been rid of wild and desperate desperadoes, and Lieutenant Bolton felt that he had won a name for himself, and—promotion.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 426.)

The Journal of a Coquette.

BY GARRY GAINES.

VII.

AUNT JANE will be the death of me yet! Not content with leading and scolding me herself about my love affairs, she rushes off to pa and gets him into a duck fit for fear I'm guilty of the awful sin of flirting whenever I dare cast lamb's-eyes at a fellow! I don't see why old people always want to deny a girl every little innocent suggestion I make. June wouldn't feel it her duty to tell everything to him, he would never find out anything about my beaux, for he's always busy at his office, and never at home except to eat his meals, and he hasn't time to be bothered with such trivial things, and I consider it real mean of her to try to distract his mind from his business these hard times.

VERSES AND REVERSES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Her tender voice how soft and low,
Its music thrills my ear,
Its accents roll across my soul—
I worship as I hear.
Her eyes from heaven's own blue were
brought.
And brightly beam on me,
And when they smile, how they beguile—
How sweet they are to see!
Her face, so tranquil and so calm—
Her soul's bright dwelling-place—
The tender hues of youth suffuse,
There is no sweeter face.
Her brow of noble womanhood
Gleams as no other can.
So smooth, so pure, so all demure,
I reverence as I see.
Her foot was only made to tread
In soft paths, flower-strewn,
What tender grace its step betrays,
How light, it comes down,
Her hand, so delicate, soft and fine,
How thrilling to the touch!
If I might some day call it mine!
I love that hand so much.

Same poem, revised, after six months' possession.

Her awful voice, how sharp and loud!
Its rattle fills my ear,
Its thunders roll upon my soul—
I tremble as I hear.
Her eyes from heaven's own blue came not,
They fiercely scowl on me!
Away her smiles have wandered miles—
How terrible to see!
Her face, so bitter and disturbed,
Her temper's dwelling-place,
The reddening hues of scorn suffuse—
There is no sweeter face.
Her brow of angered womanhood
Frowns as no other can.
So wrinkled, sour, when it does lower—
I shudder as I see.
Her foot was only made to tread
On me, unlovely Brown!
What shrewish ways its stamp betrays—
How heavily it comes down,
Her hand, so spiteful, hard and quick,
How fearful to the touch!
I'm very sure that it is mine—
For she gives it to me much.

Tenting in the North Woods:

OR,

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK.

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

VI.

UNINVITED GUESTS.—LARRY PROMOTED.—"WILL YOU TAKE 'EM HOT?"

It would be stating it mildly to say that the guide was angry. He was more than angry; he was half-frantic, and the Indian was scarcely less so, although he was not by any means so demonstrative as the other. Yet you could see by the flash of his dark eyes that he meant business, and that it would go hard with Dave Thompson if he should come in his way.

"Perhaps it is just as well," suggested Arthur. "We came out here to hunt game, not murderers. And besides, don't you see that it is going to make us trouble if we bother with these fellows?"

"I see you don't know this yer gang, Mister Chambers," answered the guide. "Do you think they meant to give us any rest? Why, these are the men who are 'wipin' out the game in the Shadagee; the men that kill a dozen deer in a day for the sake of their skins, an' leave the meat to rot in the sun in the middle of the summer; the skunks that net the lakes after trout, an' take them out the woods by the wagon-load; the men that rob traps an' ain't got 'em enough in 'em to set one; and last, the men that meant to rob this yer camp if I hadn't lit onto the cuss by accident."

"Such men deserve punishment, I am well aware."

"Deserve it? Yes, an' they're gwine to get their deserts or thur ain't no snakes in the Pennsylvania mountains. I'm a plain sort of critter, an' I don't advertise to go out'n my depth, but you bet yer bottom dollar I go my length to get even with Dave Thompson an' his gang; you hear me?"

"Well, Abe, old fellow, I only hope you may succeed; that is all I can say about the matter. As far as I am concerned, I'd like well to see justice done to that fellow; but, at present, I can't see what you can do about it. Let him run, and we will go about our business."

Abe shrugged his shoulders and made no reply, walking sulkily down the lake to catch some trout for breakfast, for these stirring events had made the time pass rapidly, and morning was just breaking. By the time he had caught a mess of trout the Indian had built up a fire and Larry crawled out lazily to cook the breakfast, looking about him in considerable doubt as to whether the bill-fish, which was drying in the sun, could be considered safe. All the tumult of the night before had failed to rouse him, and he listened quietly to the orders of his master to keep a sharp lookout and fire a gun as a signal if any strangers came near the tent. Then, after breakfast, the party took their guns and pushed out from the shore, the canoe dug-out working very easily.

Larry had promised himself a feast in the way of a fish chowder for the noonday meal. He took one of the lake trout, a beauty, weighing nearly twenty pounds, and dressed it neatly. He had plenty of pork, and added to the dish some venison which he had on hand, and laying the meat upon the top of a stump which had been sawed off smoothly, he chopped it fine with a couple of bowie-knives, putting in seasoning to suit his epicurean taste; and Larry was a good cook. It was nearly eleven o'clock before his chowder was fairly in process of cooking, and, lighting his pipe, Larry sat down to watch it, when a man came strolling up the lake in a careless way, and walked into the opening before the tent. The Irishman took up a gun which was set just inside the tent and cocked it, and the man stopped and looked at him. Without paying any attention to him, Larry raised the gun to his shoulder and fired, and was instantly kicked over on his back, while the man advanced quickly.

"Don't do that ag'in, greeny," he said. "You ain't got no call to fool with guns."

"Sure, who are yees that knows me business so well?" demanded Larry. "I does be thinkin' as I want to shoot off me gun I hev a right."

"Don't do it ag'in!" persisted the man; "you might hit something, you know. Who keeps camp here?"

"Meslin'."

"Where are the others?"

"I dunno; they went away moighty 'arly in the mornin'."

The new-comer, who was a rough-looking young man in greasy buck-skin, raised his fingers to his lips and whistled, and Larry rose slowly to his feet.

"Now, acushla," he said, "as I might give yees a bit av advice, wud yees listen til me?"

"Oh, let up, greeny! I don't want to fool with you."

"There's room for yees somewhere else, sur; go away wid yees."

The man uttered a jeering laugh, but scarcely had it left his lips when he received a whack which made myriads of little stars dance before his eyes, and there was Larry prancing about before him, flourishing in the air a huge stick, which he made whistle through the air with the ease and grace which only an Irishman can give to the use of a stick.

"Oh, come up til me, me bucko!" he yelled.

"Ye thave ur the wurruil, I'm waitin' fur yees. Whoop; hooroo!"

Larry was a queer fellow. Nothing of an ordinary nature could trouble him in the least; it was only things which seemed to smack of the supernatural that he feared. As for going back a step before a single man, that was not in his nature, and as the intruder rushed upon him he received another blow which sent him reeling back, with a dark line across his forehead where the stick had alighted.

He uttered a roar like that of an angry bull and dashed in again, holding up his rifle as a guard for his head. But the agile Irish boy seemed to have wings on his feet. He danced here and there, flourishing his stick, and darting in now and then to deal a blow, until, rendered frantic by the injuries which he received, the fellow sprang back and cocked his rifle. Larry paused at once.

"Why, ye spalpeen," he cried, "is that the way yees fight; wid a gun?"

"I'll bore a hole plum through you if you don't drop that club," answered Larry. "I'll f'row down this bit av a stick an' lick yees wid me bare hands av yees put down the gun."

"Drop it, I say; I'm going to shoot if ye don't!"

Larry dropped the stick, for he was not above being persuaded. As he did so half a dozen men, with Dave Thompson prominent among them, came into the opening. They were all armed with rifles, and if ever a hard crowd was banded together this was that crowd. Two of them were half-breeds, with their Indian love of slaughter intensified by the vices of the white man. A third was a burly negro, as untamed and wild as when his sires roamed through the jungles of Ashantee land, and the rest were shepherds all. It is no wonder that Larry began to think that he had fallen into bad company and wanted to back out.

"Now, what's that half-hearted skunk that hid me in a hick!" growled Dave Thompson. "I want to see 'em."

"Maybe yees might see him too quick, alannah!" retorted Larry, who seemed to improve in the presence of danger.

"This is their white nigger, Joe," announced Thompson, addressing the negro. "What do you think of that?"

"Me tie him up; give him forty on de bare back," said the negro. "Want to know how de wife folk like to tas'e de hickry. Nigger git flog enough; nebber see white man git de same."

"Don't be in a hurry," commanded Thompson. "All in good time, Joe; the feller is sassy enough, an' a good lickin' will do him good, I'm thinkin'. Here, you Irish; dish up some grub for us."

"D'y'e think me a fool? Wud I give yees what I cooked for the master? Sorta a taste."

"Now, see hyar, my lad," said Thompson, with an angry scowl; "I dunno what you mean by talkin' back. I want you to dish up that grub, an' be sharp about it, or I'll tie you to a tree and lace you with hickry sprouts until the blood runs."

Larry saw how useless it was to contend with them, and he brought out the tin plates which formed part of the "kit" of the party, and dished up the savory compound. The party sat down, having first piled their guns near the doorway of the tent. Larry knew how to make a chowder, and the expressions of delight as the ruffians gorged themselves were without limit.

"See yer, you white nigger!" cried Joe. "I gib it up; yoes ain't gwine to git licked; yoes got to go wid us an' cook for de party."

"That's so!" answered Thompson. "We've been needin' a chap like him a good while. Gimme some more of that stuff; what d'y'e call it, say?"

"Fish in it, ain't there?"

"Yes; fish, and pork, and deer mate."

They helped themselves again and again, and Larry urged food upon them, casting anxious looks across the lake from the doorway. As yet a bright look came into his face, and he turned to Thompson.

"I'll tell yees phat I'll do," he said. "Have yees toime to wait while I make some illephant batter-cakes?"

"How long'll it take?"

"I dunno; half an hour, mayhap. I've some illephant maple melasses."

"Go ahead! I like you, my boy; you'll do fur us."

Larry did not hurry himself, but in about the time set the griddle was over the fire and the first batch of hot cakes had been passed around. The fellows had never enjoyed such fare, and ate as if they had been starving for a month. Dave Thompson, especially, seemed to enjoy him to the utmost.

"And I'll tell you what tickles me, boys," he said. "To think that I'm a-settin' hyar eatin' Abe Stanchfield's grub, an' makin' his white nigger cook for us alannah! I'd like to see a-laffin'. Yes, I don't keer if I do take another lot."

"D'yees like thim?"

"Like 'em! 'tain't no name fur it. I love 'em, I adore 'em, an' I ain't a-talkin' in my sleep, neither."

"Won't Abe be mad?"

"I reckon. I'm going to wait hyar till he comes, boys, an' when he does we'll make it mighty hot for him. More cakes, you skunk; hurry up."

"Would you like 'em hot?" said a quiet voice at the tent door. "Cause hyar we ar, ready to give 'em to you."

There was a universal yell of surprise and terror, for there, in the tent door, with their rifles leveled on the party, stood the four ruffians; and just at their feet lay the rifles of the seven villains.

They were fairly caught in their own snare. Larry uttered a wild whoop of delight as he flung the hot griddle into Dave Thompson's lap.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

Big Steve.

BY FRANK DAVES.

It was Saturday night, and the saloons and dance-houses of Deadwood were filled to overflowing. Here the big-bearded, red-shirted miners squandered in a few hours the proceeds of many days' toil with pick and spade. Whisky reigned supreme. Everybody was drunk, or rapidly becoming so; and to a novice, the scene was indeed alarming. Several times I instinctively placed my hand on the top of my head to see if my scalp was still there. Occasionally there would be a fight, but there was very little quarreling, for one insulting word was generally the signal for a shot or a stab.

Prominent among the noisy ruffians in the bar-room of the Occidental, was a tall, wild, rough-looking individual, with long hair, huge whiskers, a red shirt and high cow-hide boots. He had not been in the bar-room ten minutes until he had knocked a man down and kicked him into the street, for some fancie insult. Altogether, he made himself so very prominent, that I asked a party to enlighten me as to the name and occupation of the desperado.

"He is," replied my friend, "a sort of miner, although he does not work much, and they call him Big Steve. That is all the name I know him by. He is a very desperate character, always in trouble with somebody, murderous, revengeful and unipitying. I have seen him shoot a man and laugh at his dying groans; but he is, without a doubt, a very brave man, fearing nothing, and setting but little value on his own life."

My friend then detailed some of Big Steve's adventures. One time he was driving stage, and was attacked by a band of hostile Indians. There were three passengers on the stage at the time; and they were passing through a very dangerous locality, known as the Devil's Gorge,

where the road ran between perpendicular cliffs, hundreds of feet high, and covered with low, scrubby bushes on every spot where a bush could possibly find soil enough to sustain it.

When they had reached the middle of this frightful place they were suddenly fired on, and two of the passengers instantly killed. The other passenger was a boy about ten years old. He was seated on top with Big Steve. Neither of them were hurt. Steve instantly lashed his horse into a dead run; and then handing the reins to the boy he drew his revolver and prepared for the worst.

On they came with tremendous war-whoops, as fast as the state could fly. Steve received a shot in the breast and one in the shoulder; but still he held his fire, for he knew that every shot must tell, for there would be no time to reload.

Suddenly, three of the foremost savages rode abreast, apparently with the intention of shooting the leaders down. Steve raised his two trusty Navies, and in a moment three sharp rings rang out in that lonely gorge, and the three daring red-skins fell to rise no more.

At this moment, the boy was shot through the breast and the lines began slipping from the seat. Steve attempted to seize them with his left hand; but a shot disabled that arm, and in a moment the lines were gone. Steve knew that if he did not recover the lines, the thoroughly frightened horses would upset the coach in a very short time. One thought, and he leaped from the seat to the tongue, seized the lines with his remaining hand, placed them in his teeth, climbed back into his seat again, drew the horses into the track, laid the lines down, and placed his feet on them, picked up his revolver and shot two more of the red-skins who were crowding him too closely.

But, unfortunately, just at this moment both the leaders were killed and the wheelers tumbled over them; the coach upset, and Steve was on the ground, with his left arm broken, and but seven shots remaining in his two revolvers.

He was not conquered, however, and without a thought of surrender, he sprang behind one of the hostile leaders, and prepared to sell his life dearly.

The Indians made one wild charge, and lost two of their number, then retired to prosecute the siege in a more cautious manner.

The affair was a sad one, and a train of Government wagons, guarded by a company of regulars, came along and relieved him.

Steve once had a wife, or a woman who passed as such, and they lived in a little cabin down the Niobrara river. Steve said she was the only person he had ever met whom he feared. He said she talked so much that it unnerved him; and that he did not like to shoot her, as she was so handy about cooking and housekeeping.

One evening she was in a worse humor than usual; and Steve, to escape her, wandered into the woods, and true to his wild nature, climbed a tree. He had been in the tree but a short time, when a hungry bear followed him. Steve was so high up that he could not shake it, and he higher also; Steve climbed into the very top, where the bear could not reach him; and in this manner they passed the night. Just at daylight the bear climbed up as high as he could, and began shaking the limb on which Steve was perched, and that person did he shake it, that Steve could retain his hold no longer, and dropped with every prospect of being dashed to pieces on the ground; but fortunately he caught a limb, from whence he hurriedly descended to the ground, and ran for home.

The bear, unwilling to lose his game, descended and gave chase; but Steve was lucky enough to reach the house in safety.

Steve, with his other peculiarities, was a somnolent as he would frequently leave his house and wander about the neighborhood for hours, unless he was found and awakened. This peculiarity led to his death, and that on the night in which I first saw him.

My friend was spinning a long yarn about Steve, and that person in question had just stepped up to the bar and "nominated his poison"—that is, called out the particular drink which he at that moment fancied—when a pale, slender boy about sixteen years of age walked in.

He darted an eagle glance about the room, and then, walking up to the bar, he accosted Steve.

"Steve."

"Your service, my kid," replied that worthy.

"You were walking in your sleep again last night; and I followed you, and made an important discovery."

"Well, what is the point to the joke?"

"Here it is," replied the youth, producing a six-shooter and leveling it at Steve's breast. "I followed you, and you took your shade and unearthed seven dead bodies, and again covered them up. I stood by you, and my father and brother were among your victims. Now tell me why you murdered them, and then say your little speech, if you have one, for this night is your last."

"Don't crow so loud, my young chicken," roared Steve, drawing his revolver. "I've been a miner, and I know a thing or two about murder. The youth uttered one single word of warning; and as it was unheeded, he fired, and Big Steve reeled against the bar. Another shot, and he fell heavily to the floor, and expired without a groan, merely stretching his huge limbs as his breath passed away."

The boy, whose name was Dennis Tyler, then related his story in detail; and a torchlight procession was formed, and the seven corpses were found at the spot indicated by the boy.

Steve, as the reader has recalled, and were known to have had considerable amounts of dust at the time of their disappearance. Big Steve murdered for gold.

Of course nothing was done with the boy, for we all felt that Big Steve deserved death. He did not even have one of those mock trials, with which those flourishing Western towns sometimes amuse themselves.

It was afterward discovered that Steve was an escaped convict, from Sing-Sing.

Dennis Tyler is in Deadwood yet; and although not yet arrived at the age of citizenship he has "struck it rich," and assumed the dignities of saloon-keeper.

He is still pointed out as the man who killed Big Steve, and is known as Mr. Tyler; and if he is successful, he will soon be one of the titled dignitaries of the town.

UNCLE MOSES' LESSON.—The Memphis *Avalanche* says: Uncle Moses is the chief executive of a suburban colored Sunday-school. Last Sunday, raising his black face with its snowy fringe, he peered over his ante-bellum "stock" and collar at the little nigs, who were buzzing like bees in a hive just under his nose.

"Datah! chillen, order! Dey yer heah me, chillen! Little Jim Lumpkins, dere, hesh dat talkin' like a comsterle on 'lection day."

When Jimmie ceased his conversation, the chief executive replied:

"I call de denker of de school ter de way you been a-sayin' on this bressed day. Wot yer been a-doin'! Yer knows! An' de way yer tongues is a bin carrusatin' is scan'lous."

The black fingers pushed the tall collar back and pushed the black chin forward.

"Now, I puts it to yer, and do you all listen an' you, too, Lizzie Millens, I ax yer dis question—how menny eyes yer chillens got?"

Chorus—"Two."

Unanimously—"Mow yees yer got?"

"What does dat mean? It means yer mus' see twice as much es yer tells. Now, how many yeres yer got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"An' how menny mowves?"

"One."

"Dat means yer mus' hear twice es much es yer talks. Now, member dis lesson, an' you, Henry Giles, contribute de papers 'roun' fore yer jines in prayer."

Sports and Pastimes.

BASE-BALL.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The contest for supremacy in the College club arena ended June 25th in the noteworthy clash of the Harvard University nine, after a struggle unequalled in the annals of the college championship matches, as will be seen by the appended record. The championship season in the College club arena begins in April and ends in July. Up to May 15 Harvard had played fourteen games with professional and amateur opponents, of which they had won eleven, being beaten only by professionals, viz.: once by New Bedford and once by Lowell, they having one the game with the Manchester. In these games they had made 149 base-hits to 66, 118 runs to but 31, and were charged with but 68 errors to 162. Of runs earned the figures stood 24 to 12 in their favor. In 1877 the figures for their first fourteen games stood as follows: Base-hits, 128 to 72; runs, 100 to 66. Thus the record of 1878 excelled that of '77. This improvement was the result of the judicious captaincy of Mr. Fred Thayer, and the final triumph of the nine after losing the two first games of the series through the disabling of their famous catcher, Tyng, reflects great credit on Mr. Thayer's management of the team.

The first game of the series was played on the Hamilton Park grounds, New Haven, on May 15th, in the presence of over five thousand people, and to the great surprise and delight of the Yale assemblage, the "blues" of "old Yale" won by the appended score:

YALE.	R.	B.	P.	O.	E.	HARVARD.	R.	B.	P.	O.	E.
Hutchinson, s.	1	2	1	1	1	Thayer, 3d b.	0	1	0	1	0
Parker, 3d b.	1	1	2	1	1	Ernst, p.	0	0	1	0	1
Smith, c.	0	1	2	1	1	Lapham, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	1
Ernst, p.	0	0	1	0	1	Wright, 1st b.	0	0	1	0	1
Downer, 1st b.	0	0	1	1	1	Holden, r. f.	0	1	0	1	0
Walden, 2d b.	0	0	0	3	1	Wright, 1st b.	2	1	0	1	0
Clark, c.	1	2	1	0	1	Howe, c. f.	0	1	0	1	0
Brown, 1. f.	0	2	0	1	1	Humes, s.	0	1	1	1	0
Carter, p.	0	0	2	0	1	Alger, l. f.	0	0	1	0	1

Totals. 4 8 27 11. Totals. 3 6 27 6
Yale. 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1-4
Harvard. 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 0-3

Runs earned—Yale, 2; Harvard, 1. Umpire, Mr. Sumner, of Boston.

In this contest Harvard led by 3 to 1 at the close of the fifth inning, but in the next two innings Yale rallied to the tune of two singles, and at the close of the eighth inning, saw the score tied, and the game in about as interesting a position to the spectators present as it could well be. Now it was that the Harvard sat on the anxious-seat, and for once lost that steadiness and nerve so necessary in such emergencies. By two good hits made by Clark and Carter a run was scored after two men were out, and Harvard went into their ninth inning to get one run to tie and two to win. Against any other college team, and under any other circumstances, this would have been a comparatively easy task; but this time the Harvard went to the bat altogether too anxious to make hits, and, lacking that feeling of confidence in batting, became easy victims of Carter's strategy. Hutchinson striking out, while the next two outs were the result of a fine double-play by Walden and Downer, and then it was that the "rah, rah, rah" of the victorious collegians was heard, blue ribbons were shaken in the air, and the New Haven fair ones present were smiling contentedly as they were driven into town from the grounds.

Prior to the second match of the series the Harvard won a costly victory from the Manchester professionals, Tyng breaking his thumb in the last inning of that game. The loss of Tyng's services was a damaging blow to the Harvard as the result of the next game proved, Yale winning at Cambridge on May 25th by the following score:

YALE.	R.	B.	P.	O.	E.	HARVARD.	R.	B.	P.	O.	E.
Hutchinson, s.	1	1	4	2	1	Thayer, 3d b.	1	0	4	0	4
Parker, 3d b.	1	0	1	0	1	Ernst, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Smith, c.	2	3	0	1	1	Wright, 1st b.	1	0	1	0	1
Ripley, r. f.	2	2	0	0	1	Holden, r. f.	0	1	0	1	0
Downer, 1st b.	2	3	1	0	1	Walden, 2d b.	0	1	0	1	0
Walden, 2d b.	0	0	1	0	1	Howe, c. f.	1	1	0	1	0
Clark, c.	1	2	1	0	1	Latham, 3d b.	1	3	2	1	0
Brown, 1. f.	2	1	0	1	1	Nunn, s.	0	1	0	1	0
Carter, p.	1	0	2	0	1	Alger, c. f.	0	0	1	0	1

Totals. 11 15 27 7 8. Totals. 5 5 27 13 11
Yale. 1 2 2 1 0 1 0 2-11
Harvard. 1 3 0 0 1 0 0 0-5

First base on errors—Yale, 2; Harvard, 3. Balls called on Carter, 15; on Ernst, 17. Strikes called—off Carter, 23; off Ernst, 20. Umpire, J. G. Sumner. Time, 25, 5m.